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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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Soldiers' Poetry (iv)	Sub.-Lt. Charles L. Morgan, R.N.D.
	2nd-Lt. E. J. Doouss
	Capt. "Leslie Hubert"
	Lt. Geoffrey Dearmer
	Sapper W. H. Pitcher
	Lt.-Col. M. M. Haldane
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The Impending Triumph of Labour	Sir Leo Chiozza Money
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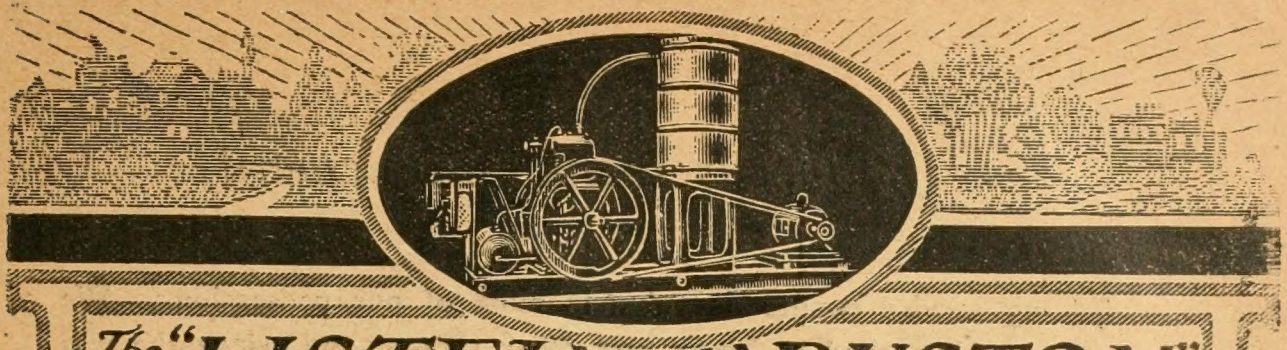

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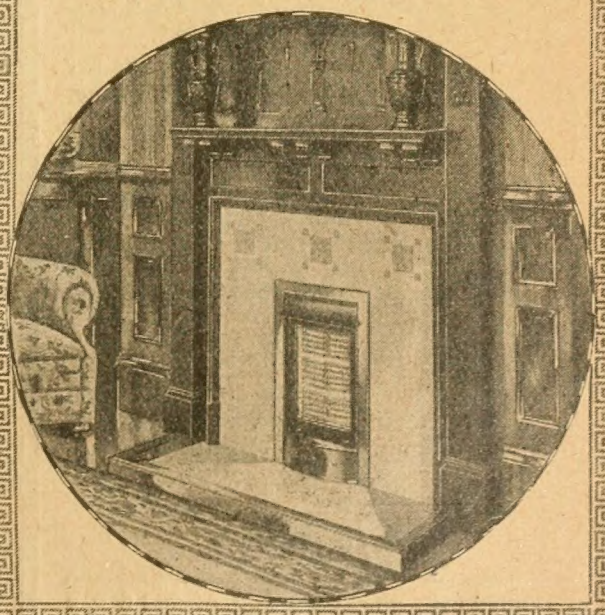

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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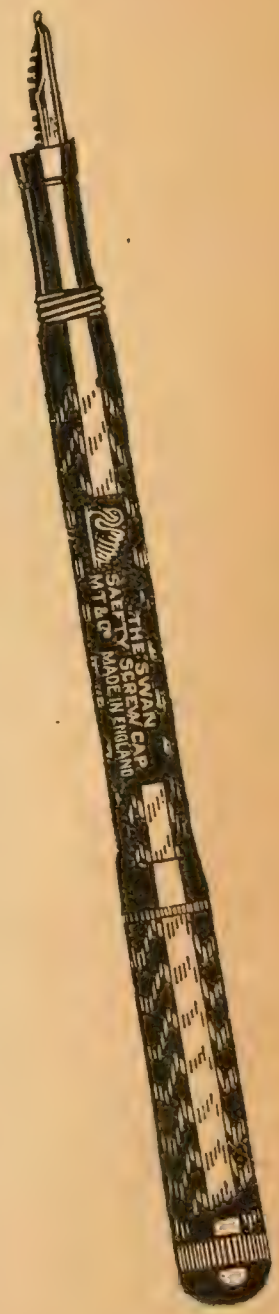

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1919

Soldiers' Poetry (iv)

The Pool

By Sub.-Lt. Charles L. Morgan, R.N.D.

Now for a space, O Comforter, withhold
The wayward heart from troubling; turn the eyes
Away from present ghosts, and lead the soul
Into Thy quiet ways where lions roam
Not, nor the tiger's satined eye darts fire;
Where the ribbed wolf treads not the snow nor wails
Hungrily, nor the owl makes sky and tree
Terrible with his mourning. Let my feet
Tread without fear Thy groves, and pause awhile
By forest pools wherein the wandering beasts
Drink peacefully in need's communion.
There let me rest, for where the leopard comes,
And where the deer, with calm, unstartled eye,
Has place beside him, there may even man,
Most sad, because most sentient, of all creatures,
Stoop, drink, and see reflected in the waters,
Not his own face, but Christ's who died for him.

Then shall I cease to mourn with simple tears
For those who are caught up and set apart
From grief. Once they were prisoners in chains:
Then were they visited while no man watched,
And heard their names and rose. Their fetters broke
Soundless, and through no visible door they went
Into a night of stars. Then cried their guards,
Not that their forms were gone, but that they passed
As it were a sudden wind, blowing from whence
None knew, and tending whither all men wondered.

And now they wear life's spiritual garment
Purged of the traveller's dust, and may perceive
The fineness of its texture, woven of dreams,
Clean of the decoration of desire.
So do their eyes confront the stars undazzled.
They take the hand of Christ as of a friend
Well known, well tried. And death is unto them
The memory of triumph, whence they came
Wearing the victor's crown, and were admitted
Into a room cool with the summer's dusk,
Where they do sup from whitened wood and silver
In company of friends.

I dare not mourn
For victors. I may never pour forth tears
For them who do not weep, but rather draw
Strength from them. Set me free, O Comforter,
And lead me to Thy sacred pool, that there,
When I look up, mine eyes may witness how
Stedfast the heavens are. Above Thy pool
No branches twist to interrupt the stars
By night, nor is the sun obscured. I know
That there I may behold all that I love
Set out in order, freed of fear and hate,
As are the loves of them that die. Therefore,
Show me the path we traverse commonly
With winged feet while they, not yet escaped,
Mourn vainly, little knowing that the dust
They weep for once defiled garments now white,
And once obscured a vision now grown clear.
Protect me in Thy peace, if for one hour.
Soon shall the pool vanish, soon shall the eye
Flame in the tiger, and the wolf return
Into the vaulted lair. Then will I go
Once more to daily paths, and fear once more.

The Triumph

By 2nd Lt. F. J. Doouss

From heights of wonder and delight,
How is the proud world fallen away
And made the mockery of spite!
What is our triumph, who shall say?

All the ripe progress of the years
Is sunk in pitiless decay,
And worse than vanity appears.
What is our triumph, who can say?

The sun lights with a murderous red
Weeds of corruption, wet with slime,
That cover all our unknown dead
Whom Fate struck down, defeating Time.

This hideous ruin doth outface
The silent majesty of Heaven;
Nothing is left of form or grace,
But beauty from its base is riven.

And still with voiceless gaping cries
In a mute agony of shame,
That night with sympathetic skies
Might close around its shattered frame.

But here perceive flung in the mire
The glutted instruments of death;
But yesterday disgorging fire,
Now coldly silent, lacking breath.

Ashes? Yea, and their hopes are dust!
For they who served and they who fed
Are in their infamy and lust
Most utterly discomfited.

This is our triumph (some had spoken,
Saying, that when the sword pierced through,
The earth should fail, all else being broken)
———Behold! the sword is broken, too!

Moths: A Fantasy

By Capt. "Leslie Hubert"

When I was a Purple Emperor
  And ruled in the oak-wood high,
Ah! You were a little timid thing
  Ready to start and fly;
Ah! You were a little gentle thing,
  But a Lord of the Air was I.
    And the secret wood
    To its inmost lair
    Was our own to roam
    In the soft night air,
    Was our cool, dark home
    And our garden fair.
Ah! Do you remember those nights of May
With the moon-mist stealing the stars away?

Each night was passed in carnival,
  Each day in a long repose,
For Day is loud and vulgar-bright,
  As the deep-wood lover knows;
But pale Twilight is a jewel white
That leans from the dusky brows of Night
And pours kind radiance over all
  That her soft brown arms enclose;
In the dim half-light we took to wing
  'Neath the deepening purple sky,
When you were a little tender thing
  And a Prince of the Night was I.
Ah! Do you remember those nights of June,
And the wet dawns breaking all too soon?

She to Him

By Lt. Geoffrey Dearmer

The day you died, from Yea to Nay,
I wavered, prey
To Grief;
Hither and thither, like a leaf.

But——
(Hush, for the wind may hear)
Soon, soon you came in solitude;
And we renewed
All happiness.
Now, who shall guess
How close we are, my dear?
(Hush, for the wind may hear.)

Yet——
Other women wait,
Their doors ajar;
And listen, listen, listen,
For the gate—
And murmur, "Soon, the war
Will seem a far,
Dim agony of sleep."

May I be joyful, too,
That day,
For love of you
May I not turn away
Nor—weep.

Memories

By Sapper W. H. Pitcher

I PLUCKED the roses from her cheeks
  And planted them in May,
I culled the pansies from her eyes
  And hid the blooms away.
And now she wonders why I love
  The month that gave them birth,
And gather diadems for her
  When May is on the earth.

I took the profile of her face
  And bound it in a book,
And in that volume I embalmed
  The beauty of each look.
And every smile and every frown
  I consecrate, for then
I take the perfume of her breath
  To fill the flowing pen.

I told my story to a flower
  That sheltered in a dell,
It nestled by a laughing stream,
  Whose tinkling waters fell.
And every May it comes again,
  Just in the self-same place,
And opens as it listens to
  The story of her face.

Exile

By Lt.-Col. M. M. Haldane

THE heat haze blots the landscape out of sight,
The hills in shimmering mirage appear,
Palm, banyan, and bamboo are brown and sere,
The gaping earth gasps for the cooling night
From thirsty crevices; o'erpowering light
Hits like ten thousand hammers everywhere
And drowns all form and colour, far and near,
In one great merciless, blinding glare of white.

Oh! to be in the dripping woods at home,
Where like old friends the misty mountains stand,
To watch the burns leap down in floods of foam,
To feel upon my face the western wind,
To look once more upon my native land
And leave this cruel India far behind!

"Out from the Infinite"

By Wilfrid J. Jenkins (Telegraphist)

OUT from the Infinite I come
To earth, alone;
Drowned in the great world's hum,
Unsought, unknown.

Souls, like to mine, I find,
Accept, embrace,
Claiming a common mind
Pervading space.

Forth to the Infinite I go
To Life Divine;
Friends I learn here to know
Are ever mine.

Studies in Classic American Literature (iv)

By D. H. Lawrence

Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American Novels.

We have seen that, when we try to trace our consciousness to its source and fountain-head, we must approach the great nerve-centres of the sympathetic and voluntary system. We have seen further that the moment we enter this field of primal or pre-cerebral consciousness we enter the field of duality. Science has of late asserted the universal law of polarity—a law of dual poles. This law applies as much to the human psyche as to the cosmic forces.

From the sympathetic centres in the abdomen rush out the vital vibrations of our first-being, our first-consciousness. In the solar plexus, and the other centres of the lower body, we have the inscrutable well-heads whence the living self bubbles up and enters into creation. What lies before is a mystery, and must ever remain a mystery. When we follow the mystery to its gates we find it entering by the great sympathetic plexuses of the body, entering and appearing in spontaneous motion and spontaneous consciousness. And we find that at its very entry this motion, this being, this consciousness, is dual. What we know as sensual consciousness has its fountain-head in the plexus of the abdomen; what we know as spiritual consciousness has its issue in the cardiac plexus, the great sympathetic centre within the thorax. Our mental consciousness is a third thing, resultant from this duality in pre-cerebral cognition. But connected with the lower or sensual system we have the mouth, which tastes and embraces, the nostrils which smell, and the ears which hear. Connected with the spiritual system of the upper body we have the eyes which see, and the hands which touch.

This knowledge, which is the very beginning of psychology—the psyche comprising our whole consciousness, physical, sensual, spiritual, pre-cerebral as well as cerebral—

seems to have been familiar to the pagan priesthoods and to the esoteric mystics of the past. We can only begin to understand the initiation into the religious mysteries, such as the Eleusinian mysteries, when we can grasp the rise of pre-cerebral consciouness in the great plexuses, and the movement of passional or dynamic cognition from one centre to another, towards culmination or consummation in what we may call whole-experience, or whole-consciousness.

It is quite certain that the pre-Christian priesthoods understood the processes of *dynamic* consciousness, which is pre-cerebral consciousness. It is certain that St. John gives us in the Apocalypse a cypher-account of the process of the conquest of the lower or sensual dynamic centres by the upper or spiritual dynamic consciousness, a conquest affected centre by centre, towards a culmination in the *actual* experience of spiritual infinitude. This account is of scientific exactitude. But the cypher of symbols and number-valuation is exceedingly complicated. None the less it can be solved. And then we realise that the old, immense religions were established upon a scientific knowledge so immediate and profound that we cannot grasp it. They understood—at least, those initiated understood—the rise and movement of the dynamic consciousness in the individual, that which we might call our unconsciousness or sub-consciousness, but which is more than these, and which, though in very fact the bulk of our being and knowing, is regarded from our mental standpoint as *nothing*, or nothingness. That which we regard as nothing, that which is our pre-cerebral cognition, this the priests understood as the great dynamic human consciousness, the mind being no more than an abstract from it. And this profound priestly understanding was scientific in its exactitude. It was of necessity symbolic in its expression—as when, in the Eleusinian mysteries, a golden snake was crowded into the bosom of the postulant, and drawn forth from the lowest part of the body—because there are perhaps no mental terms to express, at least dynamically, that which takes place. But in fact of *process* the initiation was a piece of most profound scientific exposition, perfectly expressing the secret and vital movement of the psyche in its pre-cerebral activities.

This priestly knowledge, however, was inevitably sensual. The sensual understanding was the living field of the ancient world. The one-sidedness of exclusively sensual understanding caused the downfall of the old systems. The Greeks seem to have discovered the process of the conquest of

the sensual centres by the spiritual consciousness. They worked this into an esoteric system, quite scientific, and much more profound, nearer the quick, than anything we have since known in psychology. But their knowledge still was based upon the sensual activities, even though it were but the knowledge of the process of conquest of these activities. And if we were ever to escape into spiritual freedom, into pure spiritual or upper understanding, what we have called freedom itself, then all idea of duality would have to be wiped out, the sensual understanding would have to be blanked out, as if it did not exist.

Which is what the early Christian world proceeded to do, by amazing instinct. The Gnostics, the Manicheans, all those strange and obscure sects which really derived their understanding from the Greek esotericism, or from the Persian, were destroyed by the new rising instinct, the instinctive passionate longing to be freed from the sensual self altogether, and from the whole body of ancient understanding. For the sensual consciousness, hopelessly dominant, had become destructive and tyrannical in the human psyche. Hence the strange wild rage of Byzantine—or Greek—Christianity, the frenzy of destruction that possessed it. Hence a world gone mad over the intricacies, to us nonsensical, of the Homoousion. Slaves were as mad as priests over these mystical absurdities. But it was not absurd. It was a subtle, amazing process of displacing utterly, even destroying, one body of knowledge, one way of dynamic cognition, and giving all the scope to the other body. The curious decisions of the early Councils, the Council of Nice, and the General Councils, only show us how perfect the instinct was which rejected every trace of the old true science —every trace save, perhaps, the unreadable riddle of the Apocalypse.

Now, after two thousand years of effort, we have so subjected the centres of sensual cognition that they depend automatically on the upper centres. Now, after two thousand years, having established our knowledge and even our experience all in one sort, a halfness, we find ourself in a prison. We reach the condition when we are so imprisoned in the cul de sac of our mutilated psyche that we are in the first stages of that madness and self-destruction into which the ancients fell when they were imprisoned and driven mad within the cul de sac of the sensual body. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter, dementat prius.*

What lies before us is either escape or death. We choose death. But is that any escape? We are always faced with the problem of the immortality of the soul. We elude it by imagining that souls can dissolve into an infinite, evaporate away as liquids can evaporate into space. But since the very definition of a soul is that it is a unique entity, how can that which is a unique entity remain itself by merging into the infinite? It can only lose itself by so doing. And the soul does not lose itself in death.

We can no longer believe in angels, though we try. And all our efforts will not win from our souls a belief in disembodied spirits which cluster innumerable in the invisible ether. What we believe we believe without knowing it, first of all. In the first place, my belief lies in my active breast and in my active belly, potent there. I have to find the mental idea which will correspond.

The only thing to do is for each man to remember his own dead. Do we imagine our dead lying in some distant grave?—our own dead? We do not. Do we imagine them merged into some infinite? For my part, I find this impossible. When I hush my soul perfectly, to attend, as it were, to the dead I have loved and love, then I find that it is nonsense to try to project my attention in any outward direction, either upward or downward, or into universal space. My dead is neither above nor below, nor everywhere. My own dead, whom I have loved and love, is with me, within me, here, now, at one with me, and not elsewhere.

Those that die return to the most beloved, enter in, and at last live in peace, gladly, at one with the most beloved. So that the living are always living. The present is one and unbreakable. The present is not a fleeting moment. Moments may flee, but I am here. And with me is one who is dead and who yet lives in me. So that all life is always living, and the Present is one and unbroken. The Present is always present, as the sun is always present. It is eternity that is an abstraction, an inference reached by negation of the present. My immortality lies in being present in life. And the dead have presence in the living. So that the dead are always present in life, here, in the flesh, always. It is inexplicable *how* they are present in us, but it is a physical fact that they are. So are the unborn which issue from us. Here, in our tissue, we know it, lie the unborn. And as surely, here, in our tissue, live the dead, present, and always present.

The great problem of the survival of the soul is not the

same, however, as that of the survival of the will after death. The human self is not the same as the individual will. The self is the inexplicable, the mystery. The will is the dynamic force which belongs to the self, but which is subject to the consciousness, the mental consciousness. So that the mental ego can fix the will and use it in contravention to the primal spontaneous self. Which very often happens.

When, through the fixing of the will, a deadlock ensues in the soul, our living becomes an automatic process. And then the soul is frustrated, coiled, angry. Will death release this deadlock, save the soul from frustration? It will not. Only living will fulfil a frustrated soul.

Now, many of our dead have died in the misery of this frustration; automatised and unable to live, they have even sought death as an escape, only to find it no escape. Souls frustrated in life are not fulfilled by death, save they die in a passionate consummation. Souls that find in death itself a passionate consummation return to us appeased, and add the beauty and richness of their presence to us. But what of the souls that are caught out of life unliberated and unappeased? They return to us unfree and girning, terrible ghosts. They enter into us angrily and fill us with their destructive presence. There is no peace in death to those who die in the terrible deadlock of frustration. And if there is no peace for them, there is none for us. They return home to us. They are the angry, unappeased shades that come darkly home to us, thronging home to us from over the seas, entering our souls and filling us with madness, ever more and more madness, unless we, by our active living, shall give them the life that they demand, the living motions that were frustrated in them now liberated and made free.

This explains the futility of sacrifice. What use is it to me if a man sacrifice and murder his living desires for me, only to return in death and demand this sacrifice again of me, tenfold? What is the use of a mother's sacrificing herself for her children if after death her unappeased soul shall perforce return upon the child and exact from it all the fulfilment that should have been attained in the living flesh, and was not? We cannot help this returning of our soul back into the living. What we can help is its returning unappeased and destructive. We have now the hosts of weary, clamorous, unsatisfied dead to appease by our living. If we cannot appease them we shall go on dying until somewhere, in some unknown people, life can start afresh.

Which brings us to Fenimore Cooper and the Red Indians. Franklin had an equation in providential mathematics :—

Rum + Savage = o.

It is a specious little equation. Proceeding like that we might add up the universe to nought.

Rum plus Savage may equal a dead savage. But is a dead savage nought? Bullet plus Yankee may equal a dead Yankee. But is a dead Yankee nought, either?

The Aztec is gone, the Red Indian, the Esquimo, the Incas, the Patagonian—and whither? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* They are not far to seek. They are no further off than the coming snows.

Do we imagine that the Aztecs are installed within the souls of the present Mexicans? And are the Red Men at home within the breasts of the Yankees of to-day? Assuredly the dead Indians have their place in the souls of present-day Americans, but whether they are at peace there is another question. It is said that Americans begin to show obvious Red Indian qualities. But they show no signs of peace in themselves.

It is plain that the American is not at one with the Red Man whom he has perforce lodged into his own soul. It is a dangerous thing to destroy any vital existence out of life. For then the destroyer becomes responsible, in his own living body, for the destroyed. Upon the destroyer devolves the necessity of continuing the nature and being of the destroyed. This is an axiom. It follows from the law of polarity. If we destroy one pole, the other collapses, or becomes doubly responsible. The tiger destroys deer. If all deer are destroyed, the tiger collapses. Similarly, if all tigers are destroyed, deer will collapse, for then there is no equipoise to keep them vivid in their being. Between the beast predative and the beast ruminative is a balance in polarity, and the destruction of either pole is a destruction of both in the long run.

With humanity it is not quite so simple. When the White American destroys the Red Indian, he either ultimately brings about his own destruction or he takes upon himself the responsibility for the continuing and perfecting of the passional soul of the destroyed. This is true of any creatures, balanced either in a true polarity of love or of enmity. The Aztec lives unappeased and destructive within the Mexican, the Red

Indian lives unappeased and inwardly destructive in the American.

It is presumable, however, that at length the soul of the dead red man will be at one with the soul of the living white man. And then we shall have a new race. Meanwhile, the will is fixed in the white man; he works his automatic conclusions. How different is the deep, unexpressed passion in the American, from the automatic spiritual ego which he demonstrates to the world, this is a matter for the world to discover later on.

Fenimore Cooper very beautifully gives the myth of the atonement, the communion between the soul of the white man and the soul of the Indian. He also gives the frenzied, weary running-on of the self-determined ego, the mechanical spiritual being of America. Here are two classes of books—the famous Leatherstocking Series, and what we will call the Anglo-American Series, such as *Homeward Bound*, *Eve Effingham*, *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, and others, stories concerning white Americans only. These last are now almost forgotten. They are thin and bloodless. But they are not by any means without point, for Cooper was a profound and clever man.

Cooper himself was rich and of good family. His father founded Cooperstown, in the Eastern States. Fenimore was a gentleman of culture. He shows in *Homeward Bound* how bound he was, hand and foot, to the European culture-tradition.

It should not be forgotten how intensely cultured these Americans of the early nineteenth century were. It is only necessary to read their familiar literature, the light verse, to know that they were much more *raffiné* than Englishmen have ever been. In this matter of refined material culture, external and disillusioned, the Americans were ahead even of the French. Cooper quotes a Frenchman, who says, "*L'Amérique est pourrie avant d'être mûre.*" And there is a great deal in it. America was not taught by France—by Baudelaire, for example. Baudelaire learned his lesson from America.

The Effinghams are three extremely refined, genteel Americans who are homeward bound from England to the States. Their party consists of father, daughter, and uncle, and faithful nurse. The daughter has just finished her education in Europe. She has, indeed, skimmed the cream off Europe. England, France, Italy, and Germany have

nothing more to teach her. She is a bright and charming, admirable creature; a real modern heroine; intrepid, calm, and self-collected, yet admirably impulsive, always in perfectly good taste; clever and assured in her speech, like a man, but withal charmingly deferential and modest before the stronger sex. It is the perfection of the public female,—a dreadful, self-determined thing, cold and mechanical and factitious.

On board is the other type of American, the parvenu, the demagogue, who has *done* Europe and put it in his breeches pocket, in a month. No European writer has ever given us such a completely detestable picture of an American as did the American Cooper. Septimus Dodge is the object of loathing and contempt to the Effinghams. Yet they cannot get away from him—neither on ship-board nor even when they reach their own estates. He is the bugbear of their lives—but he is the inevitable negative pole of their Americanism.

Mr. Dodge, the democrat, of Dodgetown, alternately fawns and intrudes, cringes and bullies. For the Effinghams are most terribly "superior" in a land of equality. No foreign count was ever as icily superior to his lowest peasant as are the Effinghams to their successful, democratic compatriot, Septimus. Mr. Dodge cringes like the inferior he really is. But he is an American, and by asserting his democratic equality he gets the haughty Effinghams on the hip. They writhe—but Septimus has them fast. They will not escape. What tortures await them in the free land of America, at the hands of the persecuting Dodge! There, all their superiority writhes transfixed on the horns of the Dodge dilemma, the acute dilemma of democratic equality.

Through these American-social books of Fenimore Cooper—at least, through the most significant—runs this same helpless struggle with a false position. People are not free to be people. They are all of them all the while impaled on a false social assumption, and all their passion and movement works back to this social assumption. They are never full, spontaneous human beings. All the while they are mere social units, social conscious, never passionately individual. For this reason the books are empty of life, while they are full of sharp social observation.

Miss Effingham never confronts Mr. Dodge as a real individual confronts another. She is a social unit confronting another social unit. She is a democrat—or at least a republican—confronting her fellow-democrat. And no matter how she despises and detests Mr. Dodge, the individual, she has in

some degree to accept an equality with him as an American citizen. All her patrician nature rebels. But it is mercilessly impaled. She pushes a pin through her haughty, winged soul, and pins it down on the *Contrat Social.* There it writhes and flaps ignominious. All her loves and adventures move us not at all. How can they? What do pursuits at sea, fleeing scoundrels, lords in disguise, shipwrecks, ferocious savages of the Sahara—what do these amount to to a soul which is pinned down on the *Contrat Social?* Nothing at all. Nothing matters, save the pin which holds down Eve Effingham on the same card with Septimus Dodge.

Yet Eve Effingham will die rather than pull out the pin. She will die rather than simply dismiss Septimus as a hopeless inferior—a natural inferior. He is the thorn in the proud Effingham flesh. But the Effinghams love their thorn. They believe in the equality of men and in the Rights of Man. They believe tremendously in social freedom. This is why they have impaled their souls. First, they are republican, American citizens. And then, a long way behind, they are living individuals.

Which is nonsense. A man is, and can be, no more than himself: his own single, starry self, which has its place inscrutably in the firmament of existence. But if a man is to be himself he must be free. That is, by general consent all men must be free to be themselves. Nothing could be more just or wise.

But to go on from this, and declare that all men are equal, and even, ultimately, identical, is nonsense. When men are most truly themselves, then the difference is most real and most evident. And it is not only a difference in kind, it is a difference in degree. Eve Effingham is not only a finer being than Septimus Dodge, she is by nature a superior being. Septimus should yield her the reverence and respect due to a higher type from a lower. And she should implicitly command that reverence and respect.

Instead of which, Septimus, having money in his pocket, presumes that the difference between him and the Effinghams is a mere impertinence on their part, which ought to be done away with. And they feel a little guilty and confused by their own instinctive superiority. If this is not the ruin of all high things, and the triumph of all base things, what is? It is like the Buddhists who bless the lice that eat them, because all life is sacred.

Democracy as we have it is mere falsity. It is true that

the aristocratic system of the past is arbitrary and false. But it is not so arbitrary and false as our present democratic system. Every man knows that intrinsically men are not equal. Intrinsically, in his true self which issues from the mystery and is a term of the Godhead, one man is either greater or less than another man, or perhaps approximately equal. But the deepest social truth about men is that some are higher, some lower, some greater, some less, some highest, and some lowest, even in the sight of the everlasting God. To pretend anything else is mere sophistry. Some men are born from the mystery of creation, to know, to lead, and to command. And some are born to listen, to follow, to obey. Each man has his beauty and his wholeness in fulfilling his own true nature, whether it be the fulfilment of command or of service. And all that democracy needs to do is to arrange the material world so that each man can be intrinsically himself, yielding service where he must instinctively yield respect or reverence, and taking command where instinctively he feels his own authority.

The old aristocratic system at least recognised this prime reality of the intrinsic and holy disquality between men. It was wrong in establishing an artificial distinction of mere birth. If we are to recognise true beauty and superiority it must be from the inmost sincere soul; we cannot proceed on accidents of heredity. But the aristocratic system was not so wrong as the democratic, which refuses, theoretically, to recognise any intrinsic difference at all, and asserts that, since no man is higher than another, since we are all leaves of grass, no man shall presume to put the grass in the shade. No man is any higher than another man; no soul has any intrinsic right to command another soul. So says democracy. And if this is not far more arbitrary, far more sweeping, and far more deadly than any arbitrary aristocratic system, then there is no reality in living whatsoever. All men must be mown level with the grass, because most men, the average, are leaves of grass, and therefore it would be impertinent and arrogant to rise above the grass. So we mow life down.

Worse still. Though no man is higher than any other man, intrinsically, still, some men are superior mechanically. Some men are more productive materially than others. They know how to combine the mechanical forces of the universe to bring forth material produce. Those that can most successfully subject living and being to the mechanical forces, destroy the intrinsic self and substitute the machine unit, thereby

increasing material production, let them be lords of material production. Let money rule.

Which is the inevitable outcome of democracy—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. And as long as we believe in Equality, so long shall we grind mechanically till, like most Jews, we have no living soul, no living self, but only a super-machine faculty which will coin money. Then no doubt we shall all be satisfied, negative, anti-life.

How dreary we are, putting up the social and political self as a first reality, dwindling the true self into a nothingness. So we all turn ourselves into ridiculous little political gramophones, all wound up and braying together, without a notion of the foolish and despicable sight we offer to the gods above. A man is either himself, or he is nothing. A braying little political gramophone is worse than nothing. We should teach our children a new prayer: "Dear God, let me not be wound up."

Let every man get back to himself, and let the world at large sink down to its true perspective as the world at little, which it really is. Let every man learn to be himself, and in so being to give reverence and obedience where such is due, and to take command and authority where these are due. Let this be done spontaneously, from the living, real self. Otherwise we shall wind ourselves up till the spring breaks.

And let us recognise secondarily that truth of duality or polarity which is within us and without us, and which makes of equality a mechanical round-about at the very outset. St. Francis falling down before the embarrassed and astonished peasant, what was he doing? He was doing the same as Father Zosimus, who falls down prostrate before Dmitri Karamazov. He, the spiritual saint, a creature of the one half, fell in recognition before the pure sensual being, the creature of the other half of life. Already, where is equality between beings established in such opposite mysteries, so utterly different both of them, but so utterly real?

But the duality is within us, as well as outside us. It is the duality of life itself, the polarity of the living. The social units such as Miss Effingham, impaled, whirl round on their pivot of negation like little machines, depolarised. When we depolarise ourselves we cease to live, as even St. Francis shows us. We must return to the great polarity of the life motion.

The tiger was a terrible problem to Shelley, who wanted life in terms of the lamb. I should think the lamb must have

been a puzzler, say, to Sennacherib, who wanted life all in terms of the winged and burning lion. We must admit life in its duality.

We must admit that only the juxtaposition of the tiger keeps the lamb a quivering, vivid, beautiful fleet thing. Take away the tiger and we get the sheep of our pasture, just clods of meat. If there were no hawks in the sky the larks would lose their song. It is the fanning of fear which makes the song flicker up, as well as the expansion of love. The soft, rolling sound of the dove among the leaves, her silken iridescence, depends on the hawk that hangs on sultry wings like a storm in bird-life. The one concentrates the other. From the soft, loving principle there is a tendency to expand into disintegrate formlessness. The sharp compulsion of the fierce sensual principle drives back the soul from its looseness, concentrates it into the jewel-isolation of a perfected self. Fear and suffering are great formative principles.

The full eye of the deer or the rabbit or the horse would stagnate and lose its lustre, save for the keen, strange eye of the wolf and the weasel, and of man. The electric, almost magical, flash of a rabbit's mysterious passion depends entirely on the existence of the stoat. Destroy the mysterious circuit, teach the stoat to eat dandelion leaves, and life crumbles into dross and nullity. We must live in a world of perilous, pure freedom ,having always the tincture of fear, danger, and exultance. Nothing else will keep us living. As jewels are crushed between the valves of the earth, and driven, through unutterable resistance, into their own clear perfection, leaving the matrix exempt; so must the human soul be purified in unspeakable resistance to the mass. We wear the ruby and the sapphire as symbols of our splendid pride in singleness, our jewel-like self.

The Pyramid of Power

II

By Major C. H. Douglas

In the preceding article an attempt was made to show that the distinctive feature of the pre-war social structure was its tendency to the pyramid form in every phase of its activity; that this organisation carries with it a definite environment which develops the will-to-power; that the result of the war, with its opportunities for the concentration of power, had been to increase the probability of a determined attempt to consolidate the position, and so win a final victory for the principle of domination, benevolent or otherwise; and that the permanent weapon in the hands of the exponents of the will-to-power was the economic ability to cut off the supply of the necessaries of life. Further, it was suggested that the design of the structure favoured the acquisition of authority by individuals unfitted both by temperament and training to exercise general authority other than in a specific interest, and as a consequence a strong decentralising influence was a growing factor in the world-wide situation.

Now, strong and embittered differences of opinion resulting in some sort of conflict are nothing new in the history of civilisation; they recur with dreary monotony. The relative merits of a York or a Lancaster, a Stuart or a Cromwell, a King George or a President Washington, have riven countries from top to bottom without resulting in the emergence of anything very new in outlook or environment. Such differences as were observable in the general conditions of life as between, say, Republican countries and Constitutional Monarchist England before the war, were, on the whole, only such differences as are inevitable as between peoples of varying temperament; the general outlook on life was competitive, and the economic structure was consequently pyramidal both internally as between individuals and externally as between nationalities. For this reason no practical difficulty was or is involved in the dealings between such

Governments other than those inherent in the system—the outlook was a common outlook and its code was not substantially dissimilar from the Law of the Jungle.

But there is a definitely novel component in the present upheaval; apart from the magnitude of the front involved, the cleavage is in the main horizontal and the issue is impersonal. It is not a question of the substitution of Jones by Brown as chairman of the firm (a process which both Brown and Jones understand and of which in principle they approve, having "arrived" by that method), but of a liquidation and reconstruction in such a form that, under the new conditions, it is of much less consequence either to themselves or their neighbours what position they occupy—a proposition which rouses fundamental antagonisms.

The stratification inherent in a society organised on a power basis places a definite limit on the possibility of rewarding any quality whatever which does not aim at power; and it is, of course, obvious that positions of real power become fewer as the unification proceeds—that is to say, the power becomes focused at the apex of the pyramid. In consequence it becomes supremely important to the maintenance of the system that its upper strata should be largely composed of persons temperamentally sympathetic to the will-to-power; a selection process based on the possession of this temperament becomes progressively more important as the pyramid increases in size; and for this reason there is nothing in better general conditions to compensate our friends Brown and Jones for any change which reduces the opportunity of exercising and enhancing the will-to-power.

The demand for decentralisation, which is the only threat to the achievement of the Perfect Servile World so accurately portrayed by Mr. Kipling in his story, *As Easy as A.B.C.* —a world in which any discussion likely to interfere with Traffic *and all that it implies* would be swiftly and effectively closured with the aid of a Reconstructed Air Fleet armed with really effective weapons; under the orders of a Central Board with the interests of Traffic-and-all-that-it-implies thoroughly at heart—has three roots: religious, economic, and political—all, of course, to some extent interconnected.

While the first is very possibly the most important because the most noumenal, it is only necessary for our purpose to indicate it as a conscious repudiation of priestcraft in any shape whatever. This feature is universal in all the widely varying forms taken by the attempts to embody a practical

decentralised Constitution—the Russian suffrage is withheld from priests, lunatics, and non-producers only, and the first effect of the revolution in Germany was to bring the Socialist proletariat into violent collision with the Roman Catholic Centre Party. There is an immediate reaction from this cause on education, and for practical purposes in this connection religion and education may quite fairly be bracketed together.

The industrial aspect is complicated and at the same time fluid in the extreme. In this country the Trades Union official, whose organisation is generally moulded on that of Capital, is generally a Collective Socialist or simply a Progressive Reformer, and is apt to be a potential bureaucrat; while the shop steward of the Rank and File movement is either a Syndicalist or an advocate of National Guilds, which may be fairly considered as representing the British attempt at decentralising industry. Since all these various movements agree in attacking Capitalism, and it is at the moment almost the only point on which they do agree, it is fair to assume that Capitalism is in some danger.

Now, that from the employment and misuse of the Capitalistic system as an instrument of the will-to-power, proceed most of the economic and political evils from which we suffer is certain; but in attacking it the Collective Socialist, at any rate, has completely missed the point that it is the concentrative tendency and not the private ownership as such which is the inherent danger, against which his universal panacea of nationalisation provides in itself no safeguard whatever.

Prussianism, with its theories of the supreme state and the unimportance of the individual, is the absolute negation of private ownership and initiative, either in industry or elsewhere, which has in any case for practical purposes largely succumbed to the Trust. In these matters it is again of paramount importance to consider principles and not labels; and the suspicious eagerness with which the reactionaries in every country are ready to support a Kerensky or an Erzberger if they cannot have a Romanoff or a Hohenzollern, should make us very careful in ensuring that after fighting the greatest war of all history to make the world safe for democracy, we do not tip out the baby with the bath-water and make democracy still more unsafe for the individual than it is at present.

The situation is indicated with somewhat naïve accuracy

by the *Morning Post* in its issue of November 30th, 1918, page 3, as follows :—

"This . . . control of the Trade Unions and branches ought to be counteracted by equally active and persistent groups of patriots within the Labour movement.

"But in order to do this, we have to get rid of the very common fallacy that democratic bodies are subject to majority rule. You can make the constitution as democratic as you please, but you cannot prevent *government by the few. This is human nature*" (*Morning Post's* italics).

It will not have escaped notice that the whole policy of the Reconstruction of Industry on the basis of the Whitley Report (which is, of course, a priori, capitalistic), is the creation of a pyramidal Labour organisation in every industry to which the principle is so well expressed by the *Morning Post's* correspondent can be applied. This Report has had a mixed reception, and it is interesting to note that the greatest opposition has come from the Shop Steward movement, developed as an answer to the defects of older Trades Unionism; and the apprehension with which this effort at decentralisation is regarded by the reactionary capitalist is based far more on a recognition of the difficulties such a scheme of organisation offers to successful corruption and capture than to any regard for the specific items in the policy it may for the moment represent, most of which have been previously parried with ease when presented through delegated Trades Union leaders whose positions of authority have been perforce achieved by exactly the methods best understood by those with whom they have to deal.

As the Shop Steward movement is the most definite industrial recognition from the Labour side of the necessity for decentralisation, some examination of the general scheme is of interest. The actual details of the organisation vary from place to place, trade to trade, and even day to day; but the essence of the idea consists in the adoption of a decentralised unit of production such as the "shop" or Department, and the substitution of actual workers in considerable numbers for the paid Trades Union Official as the nucleoli of both industrial and political power (although the political power is not exercised through Parliamentary channels).

The shop steward is generally "Industrial" rather than "Craft" in interest; that is to say, he represents a body of men who produce an article rather than a section who perform one class of operation for widely different ends; but there is nothing inherently antagonistic as between the two conceptions

of function. He is quite limited in his sphere of action, but initiates general discussion on the basis of first-hand information, and forms a link between the decentralised industrial unit and other units which may be concerned. The practical effect of the arrangement is that the spokesmen are never out of touch with those for whom they speak, since the normal occupation and remuneration of representatives is similar to that of those they represent; and should any cleavage occur a change of representative can be easily secured. The official concerned has no executive authority whatever, nor can he take any action not supported by his co-workers, *i.e.*, the direction of policy is from the bottom upwards instead of the top downwards. The individual shop stewards are banded together in a shop stewards' committee, which has again only just so much authority as the individual workers care to delegate to it.

It is, of course, obvious that the permanent success of any arrangement of this character depends on a common recognition amongst the individuals affected by the organisation of certain principles as "confirming standards of reference." In other words, it would be impossible to administer a complicated manufacturing concern on any such principles unless the general body of employees had a general appreciation of the fundamental necessities of the business, inclusive of direction and technical design.

There is no doubt whatever that the idea provides the possibility of self-government without external pressure to an almost unlimited extent, and its similarity in principle to the Workmen's Councils, now appearing as a new feature in the political aspect, is obvious and rests on an appreciation of this point of view.

Since it is becoming increasingly evident that economics and politics are only two aspects of the same problem, the success of the Shop Stewards movement will undoubtedly result in some form of greatly decentralised political administration along parallel lines. It is more difficult in these matters to separate the results of reactionary opposition and attack (to which all experiments dangerous to vested interests are subject) from results due to the actual conditions produced by them, and since it is quite unquestionable that every resource of autocracy, Trust-capitalism (as distinct from the individuals who happen to be capitalists), and, by no means least, international priest-craft, is concentrated in implacable opposition to the fundamental principle of decentralisation.

whether applied to initiative or opinion, the exact practical effect of particular efforts to embody such a theory is hidden for the moment by the fog of war.

It has been necessary to examine these movements without prejudice, because the senseless and dangerous misrepresentation to which they are subject must quite inevitably have the most unfortunate results. In all of them there is a definite principle at work, and the policy referred to can only have the effect of embittering the inevitable struggle; it will certainly not make a principle either more or less sound.

One of the most deplorable effects of disingenuous propaganda is the quite undue stress which the movements against which it is directed tend to lay upon the moral claims of manual work—a situation which is a direct result of the attempt to mobilise intellectual forces against devolution of power. At this time there are two facts which are absolutely vital to any understanding of the world situation—the first, that the centre of gravity is in the relation of economics to psychology; and the second, that the economic system as it exists at present has failed to assimilate machinery. Let us take the second point first.

When it is considered that the real purchasing value of the work of one man for one hour (the man-hour expressed in terms of food, clothing, and housing) is not one-fifth of what it was in the fourteenth century, while the productive capacity of the man-hour-machine probably now exceeds, on the average, one hundred times the capacity of the simple man-hour, it must surely be obvious that there is something very wrong somewhere. It has already been pointed out in the *Delusion of Super-Production* that production, *per se*, is not at fault; that misdirected effort and faulty distribution have far more to answer for, and that faulty distribution is inherent in our industrial and financial system as it stands, and will not be cured by increased industrial production under the wage system as we know it.

The difficulty has its root in a fundamentally wrong conception of industry which, based on a flagrant defiance of the principles of the conservation of energy accepted in practically every other sphere of knowledge as axiomatic, is reflected in finance. Finance states that "production" is the object of existence, and effort expended thus is profit *per se;* the physics and mechanics of industry prove quite simply that production is a charge against existence—a necessary charge —but one to be reduced by increased efficiency to the

narrowest limits. (This argument has nothing whatever to do with the alleged moral effect of industry.)

To realise this divorce between the facts of industrial process and the fiction of industrial accounting, consider a simple case such as the conversion of a bar of steel into, let us say, a screwed bolt. The steel bar enters the factory at a price we may call "A"; wages to the value of "B" are expended on it, and a proportion of the general factory and administration charges, which we may call "C," are allocated against it.

Its "factory cost" thus becomes A+B+C. A sum "D" is expended in selling it, and a profit "E" has to be made on the process, its price thus becoming A+B+C+D+E. Now consider this process simply as a bill of quantities. We begin with "A"; a certain amount of "A" is deteriorated into shavings. The labour expended under "B" represents food eaten, clothes worn, houses built. "C" represents more human effort, electric or other power used (coal burnt), lubricant used, tools worn, and other indirect charges, while "D" and "E" represent more effort in units of a varying standard of value. The only thing actually left is "A" minus its shavings; and the actual measurable units of energy, very empirically indicated by "B," "C," "D," and "E," have been dissipated into forms in which they are not available for human use, and are the *cost to the community* of the transformation of "A" into a bolt, and, therefore, should be expressed as -B-C-D-E. The *value* depends entirely on the bolt's use, and is almost purely psychological.

If it be contended that the bolt can be exchanged for bread, the answer is that such an exchange will not affect the units of energy required to make bread unless the bolt is used to increase the efficiency of bread-making.

The financial process just discussed, therefore, clearly attaches a concrete money value to an abstract quality not proven, and as this money value must be represented somewhere by currency in the broadest sense, it forms a continuous and increasing diluent to the purchasing value of effort.

Now, it has already been emphasised that at the moment economic questions are of paramount importance, because the economic system is the great weapon of the will-to-power. It will be obvious that if the economic problem could be reduced to a position of minor importance—in other words, if the productive power of machinery could be made effective in reducing to a very small fraction of the total man-hours

available the man-hours required for adapting the world's natural resources to the highest requirements of humanity—the "deflation of the problem, would, to a very considerable extent, be accomplished. The technical means are to our hands; the good-will is by no means lacking; and the opportunity is now with us. But it should be clearly recognised that mere reduction in the hours of work will not of itself provide the remedy if the machinery of remuneration is not modified profoundly.

The other aspect of the problem, the overwhelming importance, at the moment, of the reaction of economics on psychology, is due to the attempt to fit economics into a system which can only make the individual the complete slave of environment.

If any genuine attempt is made to extract a useful lesson from the history of human development, the conclusion is irresistible that the process is one long and, on the whole, continuously successful struggle to subdue environment, to the end that individuality may have the utmost freedom. Now, by the operation, misunderstanding, and misuse of our financial and industrial system in its application to economics, we have created an economic position which is such a formidable threat to the material existence of the individual that he is obliged to subordinate every consideration to an effort to cope with it. Partly by education and partly by what may be called instinct, it is increasingly understood that misdirected effort and unsound distributing arrangements, while operating to minister to the will-to-power, are entirely responsible for the position in which we find ourselves.

The practical issue at this time, therefore, is not at all whether this condition is to continue—it is simply one regarding the number of experiments, all very probably involving great general discomfort, which we are to endure until the inevitable rearrangement in alignment with the purpose of evolution is satisfactorily accomplished. And the suppression and perversion of the facts, on which alone sound constructive effort can be based, can have but one result—to increase the number of these experiments and the discomfort of the process.

Two and Two

By Bart Kennedy

It is said that two and two make four, and that four and four make eight, and that a circle is round, and that a square has four corners. These facts are put forward as steel-bound, copper-bottomed axioms against which there is no appeal. Compared with them the laws of the Medes and Persians are, or were, but quantities of the most variable order. They are as immutable as gravitation, or the income-tax. There is no appeal against them. None may escape them.

These facts, or axioms, or whatever you like to call them, were invented by wise men who came to the conclusion that it was just as well for man to have something that he could swear by. The coming into a world—that they of necessity could no more understand than a mite understands the round of cheese wherein it lives—puzzled them and upset their dignity. And so they invented these cocksure things that men have been swearing by ever since.

Whether two and two really and absolutely make four or not is too deep a riddle for me. I suppose that they do, for I have always been told so. I have always been told that a circle is round, and that a square has four corners. But I am unable to put my hand upon my heart and answer for the utter and absolute verity of what I've been told. That there is such a thing as an income-tax I can absolutely vouch for. For the tax-extractor has only this very morning sent me a letter to the effect that he will summon me if I don't pay up at once.

I know I ought not to say what I am going to say, for it savours of disrespect towards those ancient and time-honoured persons who invented this two-and-two business. But say it I must. Often, when I am having a quiet think all by myself, I wonder if these two numerals do really make four. I admit that the weight of the evidence is in favour of their doing so. But, on the other hand, I see things that make me doubt the unassailability of this axiom that is apparently so self-evident.

When I think of my dear good old friend, man, and his humorous little ways, I am often tempted to think that two and two, instead of making four, make seven, or seventeen, or any number you like. It makes me think that my dear good old friend's regard for numerals is at best but academic. He regards them as little as a gale of wind would regard a feather. That two and two make four is all right for other

people. But for him—no, very much no! He plays all manner of pranks with them. He turns them into combinations that would make their inventors turn in their graves, if they but knew.

For example, he will preach in a loud, stentorian voice that honesty is the best policy, and at the same time he will pinch—to use a rude, slang verb—everything he can lay his hands on. He will tell you that if you won't work, neither shall you eat—and he will tell it you in the face of the glaring fact that it is the people who don't work who get the best and the most plentiful supply of food, He will tell you that you must wait till you get to a higher world before you can have your good time, whilst he has his good time here in this vulgar world below. In fact, our dear good old friend, man, is—when he possibly can manage it—a living negation of the mathematical axiom that two and two make four.

I do not grumble at him, for he is a good fellow. Indeed, he is the best fellow we know. But his attitude towards this axiom is most humorous.

Whether or not the other animals have invented axioms, that they treat in this free and easy manner, it is not for me to say. I leave myself, concerning this, in the hands of the men who have spent years in their society, studying them. But I take it as read that the ants have axioms saddled upon them even as we have. And I also take it as read that the busy bees are inflicted in a like manner. These animals—or, rather, insects—doubtless had in the beginning their geniuses who knew it all. There must have been ants and bees with bulgy foreheads, or the equivalent of bulgy foreheads, who formulated plans and philosophies for the bees and ants to come.

Whether the ants and bees, and the rest of the insects and animals, are as strict in the following of the lines laid down by their geniuses of the past as men are, I don't know. And I must remark here that if the men who studied them knew, they have forgotten to put their knowledge into their books.

Personally, my opinion is that all the animals, from the invisible microbe to the obvious elephant, have a tenderer regard for mathematical truths than man has. If they believe a thing, they usually stick to it. I can't buttress up this statement with absolute proof. I only put it forward as a mere personal opinion of my own. According to this opinion of mine, the wolf, and the bear, and the birds, and the fishes, and the rest of them, go along lines that don't

deviate. What is good enough for the crowd generally is good enough for them. They seem to stick closer than a burr to whatever rules or axioms they may possess. If the wolf won't hunt, the wolf gets nothing to eat. He must help with the others in the getting in of the provisions. If he doesn't, he is lucky indeed if he gets off with only the cold shoulder. Usually if he won't work, he himself becomes provender. Of course, I don't know all the other rules that the wolves have to guide them in their path through life. I speak as one who is on the outside. But I wouldn't mind laying a pound to a penny that their two and two is very much four. What the birds and the fishes and the rest of them do I am not quite in a position to say. But I wouldn't mind laying the same odds that they have just as close a regard for what are termed mathematical truths.

It seems as if it were only our dear good old friend man —bless him!—who queries the absoluteness of these steel-bound, copper-bottomed axioms. And I am bound to say that, in my humble opinion, he shows his intellect in so doing. He is intelligent enough to realise—in practice, anyway—that he lives in a world where all the lines are indefinite, despite what the mathematicians say. His regard for these wise, know-all persons is mere lip-regard. He listens to them with politeness, but he goes on his own devious, mixed-up, contradictory way.

Now let us look at the matter straight! Do two and two really make four? Do four and four really make eight? Is a circle really round? And has a square really four corners?

I hear an emphatic "Yes!" in answer to these questions.

But if that be so, then why is it that man makes hay, whenever he can, of the inviolability of these axioms? Why won't he admit them for himself even as he admits them for others? Why does he, whenever possible, manufacture individual axioms for his own personal consumption?

Can it—oh, can it be possible that these axioms don't really fit? Are the numerals, and the squares, and the circles, and the triangles, and other like things, but arbitrary gauges that have been made for the impossible task for measuring what can't be measured? And does man prove his superiority to the simpler and more innocent animals by refusing to accept them—whenever he gets the chance? Is this instinct of rebellion the secret of his domination over all things?

I wonder.

The Garb of Peace

By H. Dennis Bradley

As I prefer to look upon myself as an altruistic optimist I like to think that the Millennium is at hand.

For if one-thousandth of the forecasts one hears on every side only come partially true, the Millennium is going to be an awfully exciting adventure. Heaven alone knows what it is not going to include; from pure milk to standing armies; from electoral reform to real beer; from self-sacrificing public men to standard boots. According to some perfervid enthusiasts, the Millennium at whose threshold we stand typifies the simultaneous Revivals of Learning, Wit, Art, Beauty, and Happiness.

It is a large order.

Let us proportion the task to our strength; let us deal with one Millennium at a time.

Why not consider Clothes from the point of view of the coming Millennium?

. . . . . .

First, and foremost, we have a horrible legacy to make away with—a legacy which fettered our limbs, stultified our minds, warped our characters, poisoned our intellects, and ruined our naturally sunny natures—the Great Dress Tradition, bequeathed to us by our deplorable Victorian ancestors.

Times and tastes change, no doubt. It is, perhaps, hardly possible now to imagine the state of civilisation in which an emerald-green crinoline, a lurid shawl, a poke-bonnet, and an elastic-sided boot were accounted Beauty's perfect setting; when massive whiskers, endless chains, and shapeless rags tortured into a faint semblance of clothing was your only Romeo wear; but it is not a state of civilisation to waste regrets over.

Worse still, our egregious ancestors, under whose yoke we have groaned for precious generations, and whose influence was faintly felt down to the very outbreak of war, in some inexplicable manner always contrived to tangle up the lesser moralities with ugly clothes. Ugliness breathed virtue, they

were wont to assert, so on with the pads, the "bustles," the "improvers"; let the whiskers flourish, and hide, hide the sinful human form! And yet they do not seem to have been wholly successful. Does not one of their classic bards complain in deathless verse:—

> "Clothes make the man; yet to a large extent
> This world is still deceived by ornament."

And small blame to the world, when "ornament," male and female, comprised stout horse-hair pads.

Small wonder that the Victorian sun set in a welter of immorality and humbug.

. . . . . .

But before the war there were signs of a pleasantly peaceful Millennium in clothes. Men began to consider their clothes.

You see, clothes have an importance in the scheme of things. For one thing they are necessary.

And necessary, not, as our deplorable Victorians seemed to imagine, for the sole purpose of swaddling the human form in an unrecognisable bundle, of hiding every possible likeness to the Godhead, of concealing not only sex, but humanity, and of destroying every possible form of self-satisfaction, but for the purposes both of a fence against cold and of a perfectly legitimate decoration—a decoration which is an aid to one's far too anæmic self-esteem, and a help to one's sometimes sordid surroundings.

. . . . . .

The season of 1913 had been remarkable for a mild revolution against the dreary old Victorian conventions, which bound the male to drabs and greys, and men, whose only sacrifice to colour had been a tie, a sock, or gorgeous suit of pyjamas, revelled in the dawning change and commenced to indulge in their secret heart's desire.

For long women had clothed themselves as tulips, and men, surveying the animal creation wherein the male invariably lords it in the most splendid robe, began to think, and after thinking to assert their right to colour.

"Why," asketh the man, "should the gorgeous golden cock pheasant outshine the demure hen, the glittering peacock shame his spouse into her proper station, the lordly male tiger outblare his tender tigress, and man alone slink behind his mate in dirty drab and undistinguished, offensive neutrality?"

It had not always been so.

In olden days, days of a real equality of the sexes, the beaux, if they did not outshine the belles, met them on equal terms, and displayed an equal taste; the dandies paced stately through their world safe in the consciousness that they too filled a picture not unworthily. But there came that appalling Victorian reaction; men and women made of themselves shapeless bundles, and the men passively accepted and retained the mode, elevating it with a tradition.

Woman, of course, with her nimble, irritable brain, revolted.

And in 1913 man had begun his mild revolt—and war came, and the ironic gods doomed him to a muddy uniformity of khaki.

* * * * * * *

But he had made discoveries.

He had discovered that men's "fashions"—it is a beastly phrase, I know; but what other is there?—had stagnated under the later Hanoverian and Coburg influences.

He had also discovered that, after all, a man can exchange darkness for light, and feel unashamed; that colour in dress is pleasant to gaze upon, and that most men look and feel rather the better for it.

In spite of all this, it would, however, have been long before the ordinary, tradition-hampered man would have dared on his own initiative to blossom like the lilac or the rhododendron. Man, as a whole, is a timid beast, sartorially, and feels himself lamentably untrained. A few nervous excursions into waistcoats, which usually ended in the mildest of greys and fawns; a tie or two which suggested that somewhere in the world there was such a thing as sunshine and colour; a faint expression of a hope of better times in store in his scarce-seen hosiery—these were the limits of his personal courage in adventuring on new seas.

But these timid venturings were not unseen; others realised that if he were only guided discreetly, and if his taste were nursed until it was matured and strong, the ordinary man was quite capable of bearing himself bravely in other shades than black and grey, and would most certainly feel and look the better for the change.

Obviously, the first step was to procure materials which would appeal to the pupil's too long suppressed sense of the beautiful, and designs which would not startle his half-formed taste. Therefore manufacturers were approached and instructed to provide for the steps towards an improved

mode, towards a Clothes Millennium, cleverly subdued blendings of rich and subtle colours. The result was all that was to be desired. The ordinary man did not realise that he was walking the dusty pavement literally in purple and gold.

He began to find, too, as his taste began to awaken, that there was an opportunity for individualism in his attire which pleased him. To be able to call for a mixture of russet brown and peacock blue, indigo and purple, or pheasant and violet, and to be conscious that there would be nothing in the finished garment to make horses shy or passers-by stare tickled his pride, flattered his nascent artistic sense, and he began to adopt the "Movement" with confidence.

Then War came, and the world of drab and mud.

But why, having revolted, having struggled to cut himself free, should he return to the rules and regulations of the Victorian conventions of dullness and horror which he was casting off with joyous relief?

There was nothing admirable in them.

Ugliness is not morality; shapelessness is not always chastity; lack of self-respect does not necessarily indicate uprightness, and contempt for appearances does not inevitably imply master-mind.

Besides, there are the feelings of others to be considered.

Now that the old orders have changed, the old Bastilles have toppled in dishonoured ruins, the old absurd tyrannies have been flung contemptuously from their pinchbeck thrones; now that men, with awakened vision, with new ideas and untrammelled minds, are seeking to construct a new future, do not let us clog our bodies with an environment which stifled us for too long.

We may not go back to the rainbow shades and wonderful stuffs of the bucks and the dandies of olden time—do what we will, we live in utilitarian days—but whatever comes do not let us revert to the hideous hues and shapelessness of the Victorian era.

. . . . . .

As we must wear clothes, let us at least wear clothes that give us and our beholders pleasure, and which, at the very least, do not depress us all.

But as I look forward into the Millennium I see many sordid difficulties before us—difficulties which are very near at hand, and which threaten to be very serious.

For to have clothes, of whatever kind, you must have cloth, and for five years the manufacturers have been pre-

vented by war from developing the production of the materials out of which will be made the clothes of the future, and a year at least will elapse before they can again be produced.

It is well to bear this in mind. The finest cloth in the world is manufactured in Great Britain, and it represents one of this country's greatest and most important industries. On the face of it, therefore, it is essential to the welfare of the country that the policy of the producers should be progressive and unhampered; least of all should it be stagnant. Stagnation has been one of the evils of war.

. . . . . .

But there is another and a graver problem to be faced with regard to the garb of peace—that of its price.

As things stand at the moment, owing to the shortage of material, the cost of labour, living, and a thousand-and-one increases in price brought about by war, the ordinary lounge suit, which in 1914 cost £8 8*s*., costs to-day between £14 14*s*. and £16 16*s*., and even then it must be remembered men's clothes have not gone up in the same proportion as other necessaries, from bananas to whisky, from boots to beer.

But the increase is grave, and the position for the professional man—the man with the limited income—is serious. His tailor's bill of £30 a year or so, on which he contrived to clothe himself decently in good materials, is at once doubled, and his income, if it has remained at its pre-war figure, only possesses half its old purchasing value. Which is he to do?

It will go sadly against the grain for him to descend to shoddy ready-made suits, to lose his individuality, self-respect, and appear slovenly and down-at-heel—and is like to affect his progress.

And I fear that it will be at least a year before prices can possibly begin to come lower, for on the declaration of peace the demands of the export trade will be enormous.

For years the Central Powers have neither been producing nor importing materials; our Allies also are woefully short, and the strain on our resources, which are none too great at present for our own needs, will be very great. In Germany and Austria men's suits cost £50 or more, and in other countries the prices are far in excess of the prices here.

Therefore, when peace is restored and the world once more begins to trade, the demands for clothing material will be gigantic, and, as prices are controlled by supply and demand, the present level of prices will be maintained for a

lengthy period—even if it is not raised, which is by no means improbable. And it will be many years before a pre-war level is attained—if ever.

* * * * * * *

The problem for the demobilised officer is an acute one, more especially if his figure has altered materially by training and his old civilian kit is of little use to him.

At the present time a good and comprehensive civilian outfit will cost him at the very least £100, and there must be tens of thousands of demobilised men of the professional and business classes to whom a good civilian outfit is an absolute necessity.

These men were allowed £50 towards the outfit in which they went out to fight for their country; the least their country can do is to allow them part of £50 to equip them for the individual battle of life which now confronts them.

These men are returning home in high spirits. It is a curious fact that, despite the season of the year and the increased prices, they order the lightest and most cheerful materials they can find; it is a natural expression of their feelings. These are the men on whose energies the future of the nation depends; they must not be handicapped in the struggle from the very commencement.

* * * * * * *

But, thank heaven! the prices of men's clothes are never likely to rival women's; and men's clothes have one great virtue—that of durability.

So a drastic and not unhealthy change will come about in the household of moderate incomes, an approximation to the real equality of the sexes; the man will spend more on his adornment, and the woman, of necessity, less. Before the war, where the woman spent four or five times as much on clothes as a man, she will in future have to content herself with twice as much, and the world will be a happier and more wholesome spot—if the assumption be true that women dress to annoy other women and to please other women's husbands.

But whatever problems the immediate future presents, never let us lose the vantage we have gained over the Ghouls of Ugliness and Drabness; never let us forget that we have discovered Colour and Beauty and have begun to realise their utility in a utilitarian age.

The Two Lovers

By Gerald Cumberland

The blossom of the lilac-tree gave a pulp-like sound as it thwacked against her window, and curiously-named Stephanie Miniati smiled to herself as she turned over in her bed and, placing a hand on her rounded breast, closed her eyes in order that she might see Orosdi. For Orosdi dwelt not only in her heart, but his big, black eyes burned in her brain and lit it, and his sinewy hands were ever about her throat in love-cruelty. She closed her eyes, and, in imagination, summoned him to her chamber. He came: not hurriedly, as an anxious lover moves, but with long, lazy strides, his baby-face all smiles, his selfish, rounded chin thrust a little forward. He stood by her side, and then, in imagination, she made him suddenly bend down and kiss her shoulder.

She sighed in a luxury of love, and "Or-os-di! Or-os-di!" she murmured. And she thought for the thousandth time: "I am the most beautiful girl in Aivatli, and Orosdi is the most handsome lad of all who walk on the Plain of Langaza."

But as yet she was only half awake, and in her semi-consciousness had forgotten her other lover who now lay in the Church Cemetery on the high land above Aivatli.

The noise of the sheep and the goats herding down the uneven street brought her to full consciousness, and, sitting up in bed, the smile slowly died from her face, a scowl, almost a snarl, taking its place. For she had remembered that to-day was the anniversary of the death of her other lover, and that, though Orosdi had made the thought of her dead sweetheart sometimes hateful, yet fear of her neighbours would, she knew, compel her to weep and pray at his grave and fondle the bones that had once been covered with stubborn flesh. She sat and scowled; then, suddenly taking up a mirror that lay on a chair by her side, she smiled entrancingly at her reflection. She pulled back her lips and looked at her white teeth; she bared her breasts and, holding the mirror below them, looked at and admired the twin curves reflected

therein; then, making slits of her eyes, she looked from the corners of her eyelids—looked roguishly, with invitation in her glance.

"Oh, you dear creature!" she said; "how good of you to be so beautiful."

All morning she was at work in the fields whilst her wifeless father sat drinking cognac in the village. She herself loved wine, but when with Orosdi drank only mavrodaphne, the "black holly" that makes lovers more ardent and leaves no sting behind. The plain, covered with vineyards and mustard and poppies, blazed in triumph. Banked roadways, infrequently used, were covered with multitudinous flowers—flowers that were warm to the touch and almost sickly with the sun's day-long kiss. Stephanie, stooping over her work, wiped away with the back of her hand the drops of perspiration that stood gleaming on her forehead. The heat did not trouble her: she loved it, for her strength was that of an animal. The sun, the flowers, and the call of cuckoos made Heaven for her, and she raised her Heaven to the utmost pitch of sublimity whenever she looked at Langaza, white among green poplars, where her lover lived.

"How white it is!" she said to herself; and then something in her brain whispered: "*How white they will be! How white they will be to-night, in so few hours!*"

She caught her breath and bit her underlip. Her cheeks paled. "What do I mean? What do I mean?" she asked herself hurriedly. But only too well did she know what she meant. Her brain was thinking of her dead lover's bones, which to-night would lie in her hands—bones that, washed in wine a year ago, had been placed back in his shallow grave at Aivatli as white as the cambric that comes from England. Her religion, her loyalty, her dead love—everything that demanded her acquiescence in the customs of her race—meant nothing to her: but the opinion of her neighbours meant everything. People in small villages can be very cruel. "Oh! yes!" exclaimed Stephanie, pitying herself, "they would be cruel. Father, most of all."

With a resolute gesture she turned from Langaza and bent over her work. How wonderfully decisive and final is the thrust with which the diabolically selfish can rid themselves of uncomfortable thoughts! With an "Oh! I'll go through with it!" she put the little grave aside, forgetting the dead youth's dear kisses that, four years ago, used to run from her brow to her eyes, from her eyes to her mouth, from her mouth

to her breasts, where they used to cling and turn her girlhood to maidenhood.

At midday she stopped her work and, seated on a high bank, ate bread and olives and drank a little of the wine of Samos. I think I can show her to you. The bank is covered with high grass and tall flowers—such flowers as you will see in England any real June. So, of course, she is half-hidden in a little swimming mist of colour of blue and yellow and green. Her skirt is pulled above her knees, and you can see the thick woollen stockings that do not conceal her long, beautiful ankles. Her dark face is both sallow and red, her hair black, her bosom—you can see it, for her blouse is opened two buttons at the neck—whiter than the paper on which this little history is printed. She wears no hat, and her blouse is a dusky red, the colour of her cheeks. Her eyes are pits of darkness, in each of which a little light burns brightly, almost feverishly. An animal, of course. But a beautiful animal, with a beauty that not one woman in a thousand Greek women possesses. But is she Greek? She says so. But is she? Some lusty Bulgar, perchance, raped her grandmother; or a Turk, insinuating and cruel, crept to the bed of some maternal ancestor.

But she has finished her little meal. . . .

She lay on her back, the sun smiting her—the sun of Greece, that two thousand years ago smote men to greatness, that burned men and melted them and recast them as athletes, poets, orators, sculptors, writers of dramas. She turned over on her side, murmuring something and pressing her lips to the ground with a smile.

. . . . . .

Orosdi was drinking at Langaza. He was sleek and lazy. but his brain was bright, and he was now busy purchasing two mules from his father. For Orosdi had a farm of his own and prospered, as all physically lazy men may prosper if their brains are deep and cunning and if they retain the accumulated wisdom of their ancestors.

"Ninety-five drachmæ," said Orosdi, placing his plump hand on the thin, vein-corded hand of his father.

The elder man smiled.

"You are the son of my father," he said, enigmatically. Then he added, reminiscently: "He always began with half the price he was willing to pay. We will talk of this to-morrow."

"No, no. It is pleasant here. Let us finish the business now."

He turned aside and called to the keeper of the inn outside which they were sitting. A dirty creature limped from the dark interior to the doorway.

"You have my bottle of whisky there, is it not so? Well, open it. And bring two clean glasses."

His father started a little.

"'Tis an old trick," said he. "You would make me drunk and then buy from me? I would rather give you the mules than that you should do that."

"Father, I bought the whisky for you because . . . because . . . well, you know why." He looked affectionately at his parent.

The old man, gazing at his handsome son, felt his eyes becoming moist. An impulse overswept him.

"You were always a good son to me," he said; "let me *give* you the mules."

"Father!"

"Well, after all, I'm at the end of my life, and you . . . you know, Orosdi . . . but *do* you know?"

"Father, father!"

But the dirty innkeeper interrupted the conversation by putting the whisky bottle and two glasses on the table.

"Come, let us drink," said Orosdi, pouring out the drink and feeling a little uncomfortable.

They drank the spirit neat, and almost immediately the old man's worn face became flushed and alive.

"Well, they are yours," he said; "I will bring them to you to-morrow."

His son rose and kissed him on the cheek.

"What can I give you in return?" he asked.

His father sat silent for a minute, twisting his fingers under the edge of the table and looking on the ground. He darted a shy glance at the young man.

"I would like only one thing," said he.

"It is yours."

"I would like you to come. . . . But perhaps you have already arranged. . . . If you were to come and sit with me to-night I should be very happy."

Orosdi's jaw sank and his face clouded.

"To-morrow, father," said he. "Of course I will come. But to-night I go to Aivatli."

The old man poured out more whisky and drank it

greedily. He sighed, and began again to twist his fingers under the edge of the table.

"Not to-night, then," he murmured, with resignation.

"But why especially to-night?" urged Orosdi.

"Have you forgotten? It is my birthday."

"Blast! . . . Yes, father, of course I will come. I will come three hours—two hours—after sunset. I thought of your birthday yesterday: you were a good deal in my thoughts. . . . But to-day! But you know me, father. I *am* like that. I have always been so. But you do know, father, don't you, that no one comes before you in my love?"

"You see, my son, I am old. To-day I am seventy-three. And it seems to me that the nearer I get to the grave the more lonely I become. Sometimes I wish that we lived together. . . . I think that if we lived together . . . ."

"Oh, but father!—it was you who urged me to strike out for myself . . . to do what I could without hindrance—that is how you put it, father: you called yourself a hindrance."

"Did I?" questioned the old man, dully. "I forget. You may be right."

"Come and live with me, father," said Orosdi, impulsively. "You can sell your bit of land. . . ."

"No," interrupted the old man, rather proudly, "no, Orosdi. This is a moment of weakness. I do not always feel as I do now. You must go your way, I mine."

He poured out more whisky and drank it.

"And now, Orosdi," said he, looking at the half-empty bottle, "I think I will go home."

"And I will go with you to your door. You must take the whisky with you."

Orosdi re-corked the bottle and put it in his father's hands.

They rose and walked together through the village until they reached its outskirts, where, coming upon a detached house where the old man lived, they parted, the old man closing the door behind him. The room into which he stepped from the street was large but badly lit; it smelt stuffily of leeks. Lurching across the tiled floor, he reached a little stool, on which he sat, his hands clasped in front of him, his head bent low. His lips moved, and he trembled with the ague of age.

Presently, feeling intolerably tired, he rose and shambled to a rug lying in a corner. Casting himself upon this, he was soon asleep; dreams came trooping to him, dreams of hatred of Stephanie Miniati, who was taking his dear son from him.

How he loved Orosdi of the lazy smile—Orosdi, whose shoulders were so strong—Orosdi, who could be as tender as a woman, and as forgetful!

. . . . . .

The sun had already set when Orosdi went forth from Langaza to see his love at Aivatli, and he pulled his body together sensually as he trod the long, white road. Frogs splashed and croaked in the ditches and ponds, nightingales sang, a big moon stared. But he cared for none of these things. The world to him was one woman—a woman whose kisses were fierce and whose clasp would not let him go.

His mood was a little bitter and cruel. Stephanie had played with him too long. She would not marry him and she would not . . . What was the use of a love like that? It was not that she was virtuous: she was simply afraid. After all, why shouldn't she marry him? Her old lover had been dead these years, and there was no reason for her ridiculous clinging to his memory.

But to-night he would bring the business of his passionate courting to a head. The thing was wearing him out. His robust body was failing him. To clasp and kiss . . . to clasp and kiss and never really love! That was children's play.

He quickened his pace and passed through the outskirts of Aivatli. The crooked village was full of black shadows, and even to him, who was familiar with them, the twisting, inconsequent streets were like a maze; nevertheless, Orosdi could without difficulty have found his way blindfolded to Stephanie's house. His nearest way there lay past the central inn, outside which many men were sitting, drinking. For a moment the young farmer hesitated; then, calling for a bottle of mavrodaphne, he flung himself down in a chair and peered round him to see if he could discover the face of Stephanie's father by the light of the one lamp that hung outside the inn. Several acquaintances greeted him; he replied to them curtly, almost insolently. Miniati was away, they told him. He had set out for Seres in the afternoon and would not return for nearly a week.

He grunted his satisfaction, uncorked his bottle, poured out a glass of wine, and slowly drank the sweet intoxicant. Almost at once he felt its stimulating effect: it fired him and his passion and, with a gesture of impatience, he rose and made his way to Stephanie's house. Having arrived there

he knocked, but there was no reply. He tapped with a stick on the high window, but no one came.

"Blast!" he murmured.

"And don't you know where she is?" asked a voice behind him.

He turned to see a wrinkled old woman who was bent almost at right angles over a stick that supported her.

"No," he answered, impatiently; "where is she?"

"Where should she be to-night if not with my grandson?"

He remembered. The old woman was the grandmother of Stephanie's dead Mercury, and the girl herself would be in the cemetery with the boy's bones. He kicked at a stone angrily, and, turning on his heel, walked past the church to the graveyard above. At the open iron gate he paused and looked about him. Not a soul was to be seen. Going down on his hands and knees he crept behind the diminutive gravestones until he came to within a few yards of the grave he sought, where he lay prone, scarcely breathing, his eyes hard and glittering, his upper jaw closed anxiously over his lower lip. He could see his girl. She knelt at a very shallow, open grave; touching her knees was a heap of disordered bones; a white skull, small and boyish, reflected the moonlight.

But Stephanie was not looking at what remained of her Mercury; she was gazing into space with unseeing eyes, her arms by her side, her body held loosely, dejection in every line of her figure. She stirred once or twice uneasily, as though half aware of Orosdi's presence.

He, cunning and alert, watched for his opportunity. A mood of disgust might presently come to her. Or she might melt in tenderness at thoughts of him. . . .

There was a wind in the trees, and in the air the scent of lilac. Orosdi heard the wind and smelt the lilac. The earth gave forth the warmth of the day's sun; it excited him, and his teeth bit more deeply into his lower lip. His Stephanie looked cool and fresh in her white robe.

. . . . . .

Less than a dozen yards away, peering over the wall, was an old man whose lips moved angrily. But he was patient in his anger, for he was afraid of his son. He felt himself to be futile, and it was deep misery to be standing here and watching Orosdi worshipping that handsome and destructive Greek girl, still he must remain. The whisky he had drunk

earlier in the day twisted things out of focus. He would do nothing; he would only watch. He would learn the worst.

After a very long time he saw Orosdi crouch like a cat and crawl like a snake. He saw him glide behind Stephanie, rise to his feet and approach her till he stood above her, holding out his arms.

And then a violent thing happened. Orosdi, having stood irresolute a moment, suddenly turned to his lover's side, kicked away the bones that lay at her knees, threw his arms around the girl's body, lifted her from the ground, and carried her away to the shadow of the little stone building in which, ranged in sacks, lay the bones of Aivatli's dead. There was no sound save a small, hysterical laugh of joy from the girl. The old man heard them sighing in the shadow, and, like a knife, the thought of his own honeymoon stabbed his soul. He muttered rapidly to himself and frowned. Then, laboriously pulling himself over the wall, he walked rapidly to the graveside, gathered the scattered bones together, and replaced them in the shallow grave. He did this quickly but tidily, feeling his decency shocked, and feeling, as he had never felt before, that his son was a stranger to him. He filled up the grave with earth and smoothed the surface with the palms of his hands. And then, with a frightened prayer, he rose to his feet, made his way to the wall, and clambered over. On the far side he stopped to listen a moment. But no sound reached him: the lovers were quiet in their bliss.

. . . . . .

It was nearly midnight when they rose, and all the guardian semi-wild dogs of Aivatli seemed to be barking together. Orosdi was full of quiet happiness. Stephanie had given herself to him and had promised herself in marriage. He placed his arm round her and began to lead her towards the iron gate of the cemetery. But, very gently, she put him away, saying:

"Leave me alone. I will see you to-morrow."

"No!" he insisted. "You are mine now. What does it matter who sees us?"

"But you forget," she protested. And as he did not appear to know what he had forgotten, she added: "You forget what we are leaving behind. I must put him away again."

She walked towards the grave, he by her side. Simultaneously, on emerging from behind a tree, they discovered that the bones had disappeared, that the grave had been refilled,

and that the earth above it was smooth and tidy. They stopped, and her hand sought his. He put his arms about her protectingly, though his fear equalled her own.

"He has gone back!" she muttered, awestruck. And she stood gazing at the grave as though hypnotised.

"Come away," he said, trembling; "he may return."

Without another word they turned and, panic-stricken, rushed from the cemetery. At her house-door they stopped.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"It means he no longer loves me. You kicked him. You kicked my Mercury, who was always so good to me."

She looked at him wild-eyed, accusingly.

Without an embrace she opened the door and entered the house, leaving him alone.

. . . . . .

The old man was lying on his rug when his son entered. He had finished the bottle of whisky, and he knew not what his own mood was.

"It was my birthday yesterday," he said, aggressively, "and you did not come, though you promised."

He protruded his underlip and, taking an empty glass that stood near him where he lay on the floor, he cast it on the tiles, where it was smashed to fragments.

Orosdi, weary and a little afraid of what the night had brought him, sat down and sighed.

"Do not be angry with me, father," he said, gravely.

"You have done three evil things to-night," said the old man.

"One is not always virtuous. . . . But I will see you in the morning. I must sleep. You also, father. You are overwrought."

"No. I'm drunk. Men see truth when they are drunk. They see things they do not look at in their sober times. Your mother, who was a scholar, always used to say there is truth in wine. Damnable truth. Never mind, Orosdi, my son. We cannot help ourselves."

But Orosdi had slipped from the house, and the old man was talking to an empty room. He continued maundering for a long time until, overcome by sleep, he fell gently on the floor with closed eyes.

The Impending Triumph of Labour

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

Late Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping

I SEE that the industrial constituency which I should have contested as a Lloyd George man if I had elected to stay in the Coalition Government returned the ticketed candidate, who stood because I did not stand, by a majority of over 10,000. By way of contrast, I was defeated at South Tottenham, where I stood for Labour, by 853 votes.

There it is in a nutshell. I had only to go to ——— and shout, "What's the matter with Lloyd George?" to be returned, *and any other man could have done the same.* The Prime Minister has carried on his back into Parliament a great majority, which includes an amazing collection of reactionaries, war profiteers, dummies, and worse, who counted for nothing to the small part of the electorate which "returned" them. The votes, especially the votes of middle-class women, were for that popular figure—Lloyd George. The man of action has triumphed, and when I reflect on the incorrigible dullness and inertia which characterise our governing classes as a whole, and the rarity with which mankind anywhere throws up a leader of men, I pay to a lost hope of democracy the passing tribute of a sigh.

In circumstances dictated by its foes organised Labour did remarkably well at the election. The new Franchise Act, full of absurdities and anomalies, which afford a lively demonstration of the "progressive" value of Coalition legislation in domestic affairs, enlarged the membership of the House of Commons to 707, of which number British seats account for 602. The official list of Labour Party candidates before me aggregates 359, so that as many as 243 seats in Great Britain were uncontested by Labour. Yet the Party scored 2,375,202 votes, while the Coalitionists, who contested

all the 602 seats, scored 5,096,233 votes. Comparing seats contested with the *Times* analysis of the voting, we get :—

Labour contesting 359 seats obtained	2,375,202	votes.
Coalition contesting 602 seats obtained	3,484,269	"Unionist" votes.
	1,450,443	"Liberal" votes,
and	161,521	"N.D.P." votes.

There is little doubt that if the Labour Party had been in a position to contest every seat in Great Britain it would have scored at least 1,600,000 more votes, giving a voting strength, even in the existing conditions, of about 4,000,000, against the Coalition's 5,100,000.

But, as is well known, a large proportion of the Labour candidatures were undertaken at the last moment from scratch, with little money and less organisation. In my own case I had thirteen working days from the date of my first meeting to polling-day, and I started without a vestige of organisation. There was a large number of similar cases, nearly a hundred Labour candidatures being endorsed in the few weeks immediately preceding the election. Often there was not money enough to go round in the new enormous electorates. Leisured men, able to give time freely to canvassing and other voluntary work, are, in the nature of the case, unknown to the Labour forces. Vehicles are not to be had. Labour has no daily Press, and that fact alone makes its electoral record astonishing. Thus at every point the cards are marked against us.

The 161,521 votes recorded for "National Democratic Party" candidates, which returned ten men to Parliament and kept out of it many more by splitting Labour votes, should not escape attention. This alleged "Party" is our old friend the British Workers' League. It began as a League to promote Socialism, and as a Socialist I was invited to become, and became, one of its vice-presidents. As a Socialist I contributed to the columns of its organ, the *British Citizen*, without charge, articles on shipping, etc., advocating, as I have always done, the nationalisation of public services, including maritime transport.

Two quotations from these articles of mine will show the character which I attributed to this League when I joined it :—

> "What the Government did in respect of ships was to protect the shipowner by providing him with a State insurance scheme against war risks. Having done that, and the

British taxpayers having provided the British Navy, which is of special value to the shipowner, the shipowner was left master of the situation.

"The shipowner was master of the situation for this reason. About one-half of our food and more than three-fourths of our raw materials are derived from over-sea. Without ships to carry food and materials the nation would be brought to a standstill in a few months. In a war like this, therefore, when there is an extra call upon the carrying trade, a shipowner is placed in a position of commanding advantage. It is true that for Government purposes ships can be, and are, commandeered at reasonable 'Blue-book' rates, but this in the given circumstances only serves to raise the rate of profit on those not commandeered. The shipowner, in effect, makes the free ship pay a high profit on both the free and the controlled ship."

And, again, commenting on Trade Union Congress resolutions:—

"'Our vital industries should no longer be left in the hands of capitalists, whose first object is profits, and workers, whose first object is wages.'

"This goes to the root of the matter. Work for individual profit makes profit the real output of the capitalist, and work-making the real aim of the worker. For the capitalist it becomes not so much a matter of producing goods for the national interest, but how and in what directions it is most easily possible to make margins. That often leads to the utter neglect of all-important industries. The workmen, on the other hand, with no interest in work but the wage, find in practice that the dignity of labour is a hollow sham."

The contribution of my professional work free of charge was my sole connection with a body which, although I resigned from it in 1917, *actually used my name on its "literature" to obtain votes for its candidates in the election whilst running one of its men against me in South Tottenham!*

In 1917, finding that the League was becoming largely a "Tariff Reform" body, I resigned, and so, I think, did Mr. H. G. Wells and others. A few days after my resignation I was approached by a leading member of the Government, who begged me to remain connected with it. What he said confirmed my conviction that I was right to close my association with the body. Later the

intention of the League to do its utmost to split the Labour ranks became clear, and on the eve of the election it suddenly appeared as the "National Democratic Party," with a good deal of money at its command, and contested a number of seats, winning ten of them. Its leader, Mr. Clement Edwards, M.P., by splitting the Progressive vote at East Ham, defeated Mr. Arthur Henderson, who, I understand, was denounced as a Bolshevist and traitor, who rejoiced to shake hands with the gory defilers of Belgian women. I did not know that Mr. Clement Edwards was ever a Socialist, and his association with the League shows how far it has travelled from its original purpose.

One may differ in some things from the propaganda of General Page Croft, of the "National Party," but on one point there can surely be nothing but agreement. He contends, as I understand it, that secret party funds should be abolished, and that every political association should be compelled to disclose the source of its income and what it does with its money. When penniless men, unsupported by Labour organisations proper, become able to spend nearly £1,000 in defeating a Labour candidate, the public has a right to know where the money comes from. What is the source of the funds of the National Democratic Party? Whose money was it that in South Tottenham, for example, secured 1,916 votes for a "National Democratic Party" candidate? Those votes—I was defeated by only 853—kept me out of Parliament. They cost somewhere about 6*s.* 8*d.* per vote. *Who paid that* 6*s.* 8*d. per vote?* In another constituency, I see, a British Workers' League man split off some 700 votes, which cost, therefore, about £1 each. *Who paid that* £1 *per vote?* That question must be asked and answered in Parliament.

I am further informed that a new capitalist combination was formed for election purposes to run Coalition candidates. I am told that the capital commanded by its members amounts to £400,000,000. It ran 87 Coalition candidates, offering them canvassers, organisers, and funds. It has got into Parliament, so the story goes, 55 of its members, and one gentleman in particular to be its official spokesman. Good Coalitionists, all these, eager to make a land "fit for heroes to live in"!

To crown the Labour disadvantages, the soldiers were robbed of the franchise. As late as the end of November Mr. Bonar Law declared that 75 per cent. of the "absents"

would be able to vote. On December 12th the Prime Minister, who was, as usual, very badly informed, replied to a pertinent "voice," which asked, "Will the soldiers be able to vote?" by saying, "You need not be afraid about that. The soldiers, and many more than some of our friends care for, will record their votes. . . . You will see British ballot-boxes carried across the Rhine, set up in German cities, and the British army voting at Cologne. (Laughter and cheers.)" The Prime Minister, thus curiously ignorant of the fact that soldiers had to vote, if they could, by post, was proved to be as inaccurate as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In some constituencies one in three, in others one in four, of the "absent voters" polled, and even these proportions overstate the case, for, as the postmarks showed, no small part of the soldiers' votes actually recorded were those of men on leave at home or those stationed in the United Kingdom. Of the soldiers actually abroad, not more than one in six voted.

This mattered everything to Labour, for there is overwhelming evidence to show that the soldiers, if they had had the chance, would have voted Labour. Even in cases such as mine, where there was not time to send out an election address, the soldiers' votes actually recorded were good for labour. The *Daily Mail*, putting on record the evidence of its Paris Soldiers' Election Bureau, says: "Those votes [the soldiers' votes], we repeat, will be given, when the full opportunity arises, largely to candidates of advanced Labour views, but against Pacifists." And since the election the views of the soldiers have been made strikingly clear, even to our ill-informed Prime Minister.

Taking everything into account, the Labour Party has every reason to be proud of the results of an election in which fair play was denied it. On the votes actually cast, proportional representation would give it, not the 62 seats actually won, but as the *Times* has shown (January 3rd, 1919), as many as 133, *without allowing for any share of uncontested seats*.

When it is remembered that we did not contest, for lack of time and funds, as many as 243 seats, and that if they had been contested our total poll would have been about 4,000,000, we see that, by proportional representation, Labour is roundly entitled to four seats to every five held by the Coalition. An election in nine months' time, with the soldiers home, would not only reverse the alleged "verdict," but probably, under the ridiculous one-member constituency and

majority system, put Labour in power with an unfairly large majority in proportion to its voting strength.

There is another way of putting the results of the election, and that is to pit the "Unionist" polls against the remainder, thus :—

Votes for Unionists :—

Coalition Ticket	3,484,269
No Ticket	369,555
Total	3,853,824

Votes for Liberal and Labour Candidates :—

Coalition Ticket Liberals	1,450,443
No Ticket Liberals	1,298,808
Labour Party	2,375,202
N.D.P.	161,521
Others (Not Coalition)...	550,311
Total	5,836,285

Looked at in this way, we see a majority of 1,982,461 against the Unionist Party, and I notice that in a Liberal organ a correspondent derives great comfort from such an analysis. It is an ominous analysis for the Unionist Party, but it is not advanced here as a serious argument. Labour has in most cases no more in kind with the gentlemen returned as "Liberals" or "Coalition Liberals" than it has with "Unionists," ticketed or unticketed.

Indeed, the reduction of the unticketed Liberal vote to 1,298,808 is one of the most significant facts of the election. Labour now takes its place on the Opposition bench, and from that position it will not be displaced until it assumes power. Liberalism has had its day. In matters of "social reform" it is in the rear of the Young Tories. Labour is appreciably nearer in outlook to Major Waldorf Astor, M.P., or to Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., than to Mr. Runciman or Mr. McKenna. In fundamentals Labour stands alone the sole advocate of the public ownership of the means of life. Liberals and Tories, ticketed and unticketed, may differ among themselves about liquor, or Home Rule, or Free Trade, but they are all in complete agreement that the capitalist system must be preserved. That is the acid test. To vary the famous phrase of Sir William Harcourt, "We are all social reformers nowadays, but we are not all Socialists." The Labour Party is definitely a Socialist Party, out to give miners and railwaymen and all other workers not

merely "better conditions," but the self-respect in work which can alone be derived from ownership *and control.*

When Mr. Lloyd George elected to sell out our national war property to the capitalists and to restore to private controls the trades which through private control nearly brought us to irretrievable disaster in the war, he took a stand which enabled many of us to decide which way to go. It is just as well that the issue should be made pellucidly clear. Labour stands for the national ownership of the nation. The others—it matters not what they are termed—stand for private control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

From the point of view of Labour it is clear gain that Liberals and Tories should join hands in a Coalition which expresses that which is fundamentally true—their agreement about the chief thing that matters. If we go to the Liberal Publication Department and buy the latest pamphlets of the Liberal Party we find them exceedingly lukewarm, or even hostile, on the subject of national control of the national economy. The National Liberal Federation's resolutions of September, 1918, under the curious heading, "Liberties of the People," demanded that "the bureaucratic control of trade and labour" should be "brought to an end." This bracketing of trade, the master of labour, with labour itself is a neat illustration of the Liberal Party's bankruptcy of ideas. As long as capitalists are free to do what they like with their own, labour must remain servile to private officialdom. The control of trade saved the nation in the war from starvation and disaster. The neglect by Liberal statesmen to control trade in 1915 and 1916 deprived us of stocks of food and materials which would have rendered the submarine campaign futile. We won through with grave difficulty, and barely escaped ruin because the nation, its ships, and its resources were in private hands when the war broke out and because private interests were not soon enough curbed.

Now that the war is over the question, "Who shall control us?" is no less urgent. Parliament at Westminster must remain a mockery of Government while the ownership which alone confers full power to rule remains in private hands. If the stimulus of patriotism did not move our capitalists to save us in war, what are we to expect of private ownership in peace? The answer is written plainly in our inefficient industries and the filthy purlieus of our great cities. Our factories as a whole lag far behind the achievements of

science, and our cities degrade the workers whose labour is so largely wasted in working inefficient plants, and in useless or even maleficent employments.

Tories, Liberals, Conservatives, Unionists, Free Traders, Protectionists, Tariff Reformers, with Coalition labels or without—it matters little what they are called—they all stand for selling out the national war stock : for putting up to auction the ships, shipyards, factories, warehouses, engines, machinery, wagons, etc., worth hundreds of millions of pounds, which the nation built to save itself in war, and with which the nation might begin forthwith to save its people in peace. We have the chance to "reconstruct" industry by modernising its methods, changing its motive, and enlisting its productive agents as partners instead of serfs. Tories and Liberals alike are determined that the experiment shall not be tried. The factories and ships are up for sale even as I write. Buy, buy—who will buy?

But let those who buy and those who sell alike take notice. As surely as the day follows the night a Labour Government will be in power in this country within a few years. It will be the first duty of that Government to restore to public ownership that which is being most improperly sold. If a private electric power monopoly is set up it will be promptly dethroned. If our railways are bought out at an outrageous price there will have to be restitution. Mr. Lloyd George has promised the capitalists they shall not be plundered. The Labour Party promises the people that capitalists shall not be allowed much longer to plunder them as they have been plundered in this war.

The issue is clear and the battle joined. The Minority Parliament elected under fraudulent conditions in December is doomed even before it meets. The gigantic Coalition majority represents less than one-fourth of the electorate. The situation which consequently arises is one of grave difficulty and danger, and it is the plain duty of the Prime Minister to give an immediate pledge that a new General Election shall be held as soon as the soldiers are demobilised and in a position to record their votes.

Persia and the Conference

By the Rt. Hon. Ameer Ali

In the re-mapping of the world and the settlement of the future destinies of the smaller nations which it may be presumed will be one of the supreme tasks before the Peace Conference, Persia will probably receive considerable attention. Nor can the help Afghanistan has given to the Allies be overlooked. These two States lie between the Western frontiers of India and the Zagros mountains, which had hitherto been the Eastern frontier of Asiatic Turkey. They form the kernel of the Middle East, and have for many years past stood between two Ideals—one of might, the other of justice. Until the disappearance of the Tsarist Empire they served as "buffers" between Russia and England. The collapse of Russia and Germany has removed all risk of conflict in the East between the two Ideals; and England stands now in Asia without a rival to contest or question her dominancy.

The Persians are one of the smaller nations who deserve the sympathy and support of the great Democracies of the West to maintain their national existence intact and uninterfered with. Through long centuries of vicissitudes the Persian people have clung to their national ideals and retained their national characteristics. Persia's past history, her place in middle Asia, the influence she has exercised on the development of the neighbouring nations, above all the courage and restraint with which her people won their emancipation from a grinding tyranny, and her loyal stedfastness to the Allied Cause, merit general interest.

The recent history of Persia is the story of Russia's encroachments which began in the early part of the nineteenth century, and from that day forth until the great collapse of the Romanoff dynasty Tsarist Russia persistently endeavoured to destroy Persia as an independent State. Russia's slow but sure strangulation of this stricken and afflicted country remind one vividly of the process by which the python crushes out the life and afterwards swallows the victim of its appetite.

The absorption of Persia was the first step in her struggle

with Great Britain for the dominancy of the Eastern world. Both Afghanistan and Persia stood in her relentless march towards the rich plains of India and the warm waters of the Indian Ocean. Persia was easier to deal with, as being further away from India British susceptibilities were less likely to be affected. So she devoted her attention primarily to the disintegration of this unfortunate country.

The Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, which divided Persia into two spheres of influence, Russian and British, removed the checks that had hitherto kept Romanoff ambitions within bounds. And she began at once her disintegrating work.

Iphigenia offered as a sacrifice to the gods represents in many respects the fate of Persia at the hands of Western diplomacy. She was placed on the altar to propitiate the insatiable appetite of the giant of the north. The Anglo-Russian compact was concluded on August 31st, 1907, shortly after Persia had extracted from her King a promise of real national life. In an article in the *Orient Review* I ventured to call attention to the unwisdom of the policy which led England to enter into that compact, and I gave a brief *résumé* of the Romanoff attitude from the end of the eighteenth century down to 1907, showing one continuous record of want of good faith on the part of the Tsarist Government towards Great Britain. It is probably known to many of us that the Afghan wars as well as the great cataclysm of the Indian Mutiny were worked up by Russian intrigue. The Romanoffs were known not to keep faith even with the people they subjugated. It is no wonder that they did not attach much importance to fair dealing with outsiders. A reference to the Tsarist treatment of the subject races might perhaps be of interest. In Ukrainia the indigenous institutions and popular rights, in spite of solemn pledges, were ruthlessly swept away soon after the engagements were made. It sounds like the story of the present day, of happenings under our eyes. In Riga, just before the war, there was a massacre, the description of which was allowed to appear in only one of the English papers. What happened in Georgia under the dethroned Nicholas has been recently told by an "eye-witness" in the following words :—

"But when the present writer reached the place a few years before the war the interest was modern. Russian soldiers were quartered in the church—evidence of the fatal treaty by which the last of the Georgian line had laid the Caucasus under Russian protection rather more than a century before. By that treaty the Georgians were to retain their king, and they had never had a

king since; they were only to serve in a national militia, and now they were sent as conscripts to die in Arctic provinces; no more than 6,000 Russian troops were ever to be allowed in the country, and now 180,000 were quartered there; the Georgian Church was to remain independent, and now it was enslaved to Russia's Holy Synod; the Georgian language was to remain the tongue of schools and official life, and now it was forbidden in both; government was to remain in Georgian hands, and now the Russian officers and Russian bureaucrats were everywhere supreme. After a brief attempt to regain the freedom of self-government, the country was being laid waste by Cossacks and other Russian troops. Nicholas II. had issued express orders that no mercy was to be shown—and none was shown. All the villages in the fertile district of Guria, inland from Batum, were burnt, all the crops destroyed, the inhabitants killed or driven up into the snowy mountains; women and girls collected in groups because, in the words of Colonel Kriloff (33rd Chersonese Regiment), who carried out the orders, 'The Tsar wanted loyal subjects breeding.'"*

And only recently, in November, 1916, 500,000 Khirgiz Mussulmans were slaughtered in the presence of their women and children because they refused to be conscripted during harvest time. An account of this inconceivable atrocity appeared again only in one English newspaper, from the pen of Mr. Morgan Philips Price.

It is not surprising that when the Romanoff Empire fell there was a feeling among the races of the world whom it had oppressed for centuries that at last retribution had come.

A short statement of the dealings of the Russians immediately after they obtained a free hand in Northern Persia may not be without interest.

In 1909, under the pretext that the Russian Consul was in danger, a large Russian force entered Tabriz. A few months later another body of troops was landed in Persia and marched to Kazvin in order to prevent the Constitutionalists from advancing on the capital to dethrone Mohammed Ali Mirza. In September, 1909, the well-known brigand and Russian *protégé*, Rahim Khan, attacked Ardebil in the North of Persia; this formed a pretext for sending more troops into Persia. When Rahim Khan was defeated by the Persian troops, the Romanoff Government, in defiance of its treaties with Persia, afforded him a refuge in Russian territory.

In the following year (1910) a Persian Prince, naturalised

* The *Revue Internationale* for May-June, 1918, gives us an idea of the barbarities committed by the Tsarist Government upon its own subjects. In an article headed "L'Effondrement du Tzarisme" the Russian writer, Nicholas Roubakin, describes the horrors perpetrated by the Tsar's agents in some of the districts as an illustration of the character of the Government. At Koursa, for example, for punishing the peasants for threatening disorders, General Doubassof ordered the complete destruction of peasants' houses in entire communes, comprising those of the innocent; the Governor-General of Ekaterinoslav blew up peasants by cannon; the troops shot down women and children. The same thing took place in other regions. Women and girls were violated; girls and old men were flogged.

in Russia, conceived the plan of overthrowing the Persian Constitutional Government. The Russian authorities not only refused to allow the Persian forces to deal with the rebel, but actually fired on them near Kazvin and killed the commanding officer.

In 1911 more troops were poured into Persia, where their treatment of the inhabitants was that of a conquered country.

The December of 1911 will always be remembered by the Persians as one of the darkest in their history. Romanoff agents succeeded in provoking in Tabriz an armed conflict between the Constitutionalist police force of that city and the Russian troops, which was attended with great brutality. In the course of the fight a large number of women and children were killed. The climax was reached on the 10th of Moharrem, a day of great sanctity in the Mohammedan world. Among the enormities they committed was the hanging of the chief ecclesiastic of Tabriz, the Sikut-ul-Islam, a man who was highly esteemed and venerated throughout Persia.

In April, 1912, the Russians also bombarded the sacred shrine of Meshed.

The murder of Persian ecclesiastics in Tabriz and the slaughter of innocent people, coupled with the bombardment of Meshed, sent a thrill through the Mussulman world. Elegies were published in most of the Moslem papers in India, where the sorrow at the treatment of Persian people was most deep and bitter.

Russia's object always was to bring about the dissolution of Persia, and for that purpose she resorted to every form of intrigue likely to produce disintegration and chaos. Every sign of vitality among the people, every effort to introduce reforms or improvements in the administration was made a reason for aggression. When we bear in mind that the initial success of the Constitutional movement was due to the support of the British representative in Persia, we can easily understand the consternation of the Persian people at the acquiescence of England in these acts of the Romanoff Government, and especially in bringing about the expulsion of the American financial expert, Mr. Shuster.

Now that the Romanoff dynasty has fallen, Persian hopes for the dawn of a new era in their country have risen high; and it remains for England, which has fought this great war as the champion of liberty for all small nationalities, to be true to her own ideals, true to herself, and to give Persia a

helping hand to make the best use of the free system of Government her people wrested from the hands of a tyrant.

Persia has always looked upon England as her friend and as a champion of her liberty and progress. While Russia was viewed with suspicion and her advance towards the East was regarded with alarm, England was trusted and her advice was invariably sought and acted upon. In issuing loans or giving concessions for the development of the country, England was always approached first and her counsel asked for. In 1905, when the Persian Revolution began with a pacific strike, the Constitutionalists sought refuge at the British Legation in Teheran. This in itself was abundant proof of the confidence the Persians reposed in England. The Anglo-Russian agreement, with its manifest tendencies, which soon proved themselves in direct acts of interference and aggression, caused the widest apprehension. The attempt of the Tsarist Government to obtain control of the Persian army and finance, and the occupation of most of the Northern Provinces, were all part and parcel of the policy designed for the final absorption of Persia. When the present war broke out, the Romanoff army treated the part of the country they had occupied as conquered territories.

The fortunes of Persia, so far as they are in her own hands, are guided primarily by eight enlightened and patriotic men, some of whom are the best products of what was best in Europe before this war came to reduce to ashes centuries of material and moral progress. They are assisted by an assembly elected on a broad basis of constitutional liberty, with some stake in the country. All men above the age of twenty-five have the franchise and the right to vote in the election of members to the Persian Parliament. There is only one house; and all creeds and nationalities are represented in the assembly in proportion to their numbers and importance. The young Shah, who attained his majority a little while ago, is a constitutional monarch, carefully brought up during the regency of that gifted statesman, the Nasir-ul-Mulk, and seems to possess qualities which might make him a benefactor to his country. It would be an advantage both to Persia and the Allied Powers if the injustice committed against her in the early part of the nineteenth century were set right. Rectification of her frontiers is now essentially necessary, especially in the Transcaspian region, in order to give her a proper defensible frontier to guard against the danger of Bolshevik incursions.

It would only be right that the districts annexed by Russia in 1813 and 1828 should be returned to Persia, not merely because they were forcibly and unjustly wrenched from her, but because those districts are inhabited by people of the Persian race, for the most part Shiahs. In 1813 Baku, Chirvan, Guendji, Karabagh, Cheki, and Talish were annexed by Russia; in 1828 Erivan and Nakhtchevan were added, in spite of the protests of their Moslem inhabitants, who were in the majority. A century of foreign rule has not diminished their love for, and loyalty to, Persia.

Again, if a separate régime is to be established for Mesopotamia, would it not be right to give the guardianship of the Shiah holy places—Kerbela, Najaf, Kazmain, and Samara—to Persia? Also the Treaties and Conventions founded on the oppressive Treaty of Turkomanchai in 1828 will, it is earnestly to be hoped, be revised.

Hitherto the British Government has considered Persia as a buffer State between her Asiatic Dominions and Russia. The collapse of Russia has, at present, removed the danger on that side; but the conditions which prevail at present in Asia cannot escape attention.

What appears to me essential is the necessity of avoiding even the semblance of an attempt to "Egyptianise" Persia (to borrow a French phrase) and of not repeating the mistake which was common twenty-five years ago in the native States of India of allowing British officers an undesirable and impolitic latitude in their treatment of the native Government.

The Problem of Russia

By Hamilton Fyfe

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has known Russia for the last ten years. He was there for two years during the war. He warned the Asquith Government privately at the beginning of 1916 that it was useless to count upon further Russian effort. He foretold the Revolution, while Lord Milner, after his visit to Petrograd, was assuring everybody that all was well. A year ago, when Officialism looked for Bolshevism to disappear in a few weeks, Mr. Fyfe wrote that the Soviet Government had the support of the mass of the Russian people, and was likely to gain rather than lose power. His views are entitled, therefore, to a hearing.

THE end of the long wars with Napoleon was followed by a determined campaign against the efforts of Peoples to gain their liberty. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and, to our everlasting shame, the Government of Great Britain, combined, under such leaders as Metternich, Hardenberg, and Castlereagh, to resist every attempt to throw off the fetters of despotic incompetence.

In that early nineteenth century it was ostensibly the sovereigns who combined to choke the cry for People's Rule, but it was not the sovereigns alone. The guiding hands of the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, and of the conspiracy against freedom to which that abominable gathering gave birth, were the Tsar Alexander and the Austrian statesman Metternich. To-day there is no one to take the place of the Autocrat; but there may be statesmen no less obstinate and cunning than Metternich hiding among those who take part in the Peace Conference.

The Comfortable Class in England is at this moment ready to back up anything in the nature of what it calls "strong action" against the pioneers of a New Order. "Put 'em against a wall" is the watchword of middle-aged and elderly clubmen. The war has made *all who took no part in it* infinitely more inclined to violence than ever they were before. If these could have their way they would provoke violence enough, but, as in Russia, they themselves would be the objects of it.

That a New Order will arise everywhere out of the ruins of the Old Order which the war brought to an end is certain. "It is now a question of building a new house. For that the

old parties are no longer good enough. The old party system must be overthrown, or must be forced to a renewal." Those sentences are taken from an appeal to the youth of Germany published by a group of German civil servants. They are true of all countries. Whatever happens in one European land is now certain to have its repercussion in every other; and is likely to have its counterpart as well among all Peoples who have reached more or less the same stage of development. The nations are now in close touch. Ideas spread quickly.

Since 1848 governing men in England have been afraid openly to resist popular demands. They have declared for People's Rule, but they have at the same time done their best to prevent the People from ruling. The result of this sham democracy has been to turn the thoughts of many towards other methods than those of Parliamentary action. These many see that although numerous laws have been passed and numerous demands of the People apparently granted, the improvement in social conditions has been slight. They lose hope, therefore, of sweeping away the Old System by successive constitutional amendments. They say it must be destroyed by one mighty blow delivered in the form of a forcible seizure of government, followed by insistence upon a new economic formula.

It is not probable that such crimes and follies as have occurred in Russia would be repeated in France, England, or Germany. The Russian masses are ignorant and impressionable to a degree which can only be realised by those acquainted with them. The men who have directed the course of Russian history since the fall of Kerensky are theorists with such a determination to force their theories into practice, and such a disregard for considerations of common prudence, as could hardly be practised outside of Russia.

The ignorance of the People there, which accounts for their callous torpidity, is not so much lack of information as lack of experience. They are unsophisticated. They cannot think more than one thought at a time. An example of this occurs to me. Before the Revolution men and women fought to secure places in Petrograd street-cars so violently that injuries were often caused, dresses often torn, buttons wrenched off overcoats, galoshes lost. The one thought in the minds of the combatants was "I must get in." No check of decent behaviour or humanity could find entrance at the same

time. After the Revolution, when orderly methods, unknown under the corrupt and incapable Tsardom, were being established, the custom was introduced of forming queues. Instantly the formula, "First come, first served," took possession of people's minds. None fought, none even grumbled. No greater muddle or more complete change in the habits of a population could be imagined. It illustrated vividly the single-action mechanism of the Russian brain.

The European mind is, by comparison, complex. If one had to explain in a sentence the effect of civilisation, one might say: "It accustoms the mind to think more than one thought at a time." Thus, if it were proposed to English villagers to massacre the squire, the parson, and the village constable, they would feel a shock, however bitterly they might have resented landlordism, inquisitorial patronage, petty tyranny. They would perceive at once the disproportion between the faults and the punishment suggested. They would recoil from the horror of mangled bodies. Their imaginations would warm with pity for the women and children who would be bereft of husbands, fathers, and daily bread. To the Russian mind none of these considerations would present themselves. Its one thought would be, "We have suffered; now we will have our revenge." The murder committed, the hot fit over, the murderers would very likely be stricken with remorse. They would be able to think of nothing but their crime against human brotherhood and the just retribution of an angry God.

No one can judge the Russians fairly who has not sat, as I have many times, in Russian police-offices and watched the poor folk cower and cringe, and burn with powerless indignation at the haughty, and often brutal, bearing of the stupid officials, each eaten up by an absurd sense of his own importance. No one has the right to condemn a people for its acts who has not seen, and experienced with them, the provocation they endured. The frivolous irresponsibility of the wealthy and aristocratic classes, the self-seeking and slackness of the bureaucrats by whom the country was governed, the extortionate tyranny of the minor officials (whose pay, it must be admitted, was so poor that only bribery saved them from starving), the callousness about human life and the insensibility to human suffering which (to take but one example) sent thousands of soldiers into battle unarmed, might be accounted just cause for even more appalling revenges than the Russians took.

Europeans, however, have not such embers of resentment smouldering in their hearts. They would have no reason for fear of that desperate kind which kept the guillotine busy in 1792, and which has of late made the Russians strike so wildly—unless there existed a compact among the upholders of the Old System to crush all movements in the direction of further developing the democratic idea.

It is by no means certain that some such compact does not exist already as a tacit understanding. How else explain the action of the Allied and Associated Powers in Russia? The danger threatens that the Old Gangs at the Peace Conference may secretly, or under some specious disguise of "assisting the People," or "restoring order," turn this understanding into the settled policy of Britain, France, Italy, and the United States. As the sovereigns of the early nineteenth century exerted themselves to prevent change, as they went to the assistance of any despot in difficulties and were able to delay the broadening down of freedom in France, in Spain, in Belgium, in the Kingdom of Naples and other parts of Italy, as well as in their own dominions, with results that still to-day are hindrances to liberty and good administration, so there is risk now of a conspiracy to prevent People's Rule from becoming more real anywhere; there is risk of concerted military efforts to hinder "the new house" from being built.

In Russia the inception of these efforts was mainly due to the desire that something should be saved from the wreck of the Old System for those who had lent money (the greater number being French Republicans) to keep it up. That this is not avowed proves that the world's opinion on such matters has altered in recent years. Not long ago the Big Interests could command the open support of Governments. The lives of sailors or soldiers were considered to be well lost in the exaction of payment to bondholders or in the defence of trading rights, even when harmful, as in the war which Britain forced on China for the benefit of the opium trade. President Wilson was the first ruler who had the courage and the enlightened intelligence to break with that tradition. He it was evident, would not approve in Russia a course of which he disapproved in Mexico. Therefore, the motive which had most weight in disposing France and England to make war upon Russia was unmentioned. As little as possible was said on the subject. When it was necessary to say something, the reasons advanced were the dislike of

many Russians for the Bolshevik experiment, the atrocities committed by the Bolsheviks, and the desirability of "reconstituting the Eastern front."

Here we see in vivid relief how the Old System hung together and how readily those which are left take action against an attempt at a New System. The Russians who disliked the Tsardom were quite as numerous as those who are dissatisfied with Bolshevik rule. The atrocities committed by the Tsardom were vastly more in number, and certainly not less revolting, than those committed by the Bolsheviks, even if we include in the latter category acts of individual frenzy, such as the murder of that honourable, capable, and sincerely democratic man, Shingarieff. Yet no step was ever taken in France or England to show disapproval, even in diplomatic form, with the methods of the Tsar's Government. Whenever this was proposed the reply made by governing persons was: "We cannot interfere with the internal affairs of Russia." Do not let us forget that we helped the Tsar to crush the movement of freedom in 1905 by financing him. That was the attitude of the Old Gangs towards "one of us." In their eyes the Bolshevik system is an interloper, and must be, if possible, suppressed. Exactly the attitude of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain towards all democratic strivings between 1815 and 1848! Now, in place of irresponsible monarchies, we have Big Interests. If there had been no Big Interests involved there would have been no intervention in Russian internal affairs.

Speaking as one who bought in 1915-16, and who has long since written off as a bad debt fifteen thousand roubles' worth of Russian war loan, I contend that it is better for Russia's creditors to lose their money than to make war on 200,000,000 people in order to recover it. That this would be better for the mass of people everywhere is obvious. "The calculation of profit in wars," Burke wrote, "is false. The blood of war should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime." Such a crime as war against Russia for a sordid object would unite the nation as nothing else could. We should have to send millions of soldiers; to add thousands of millions of pounds to our War Debt, and with all our sacrifices no decisive result could be hoped for. Russia cannot be "assisted." Order cannot be restored by any outside agency. From being the most backward among the

nations which ranked as Great Powers—backward, I mean, in their growth towards self-government—the Russians have passed at one stride to the position of the most advanced. With daring born of inexperience they are making an experiment which may decide the direction of all democratic systems from now on, or which may fail and be remembered only as a freak effort like the Brook Farm Colony or Fourier's Phalanstère. They must work out their problem alone. Interference can only complicate it.

Already the results of Allied policy have been lamentable. By supporting counter-revolutionary plots we have caused the deaths of hundreds of people—many, no doubt, innocent of any part in them. We might have learnt from the history of the French Revolution, and of others, that active opposition was certain to provoke bloody and indiscriminate reprisals. Robespierre, a man of sentiment, nurtured upon the humanitarian doctrines of Rousseau, was forced, by fear of seeing the Old Régime restored, into a course of action which makes him still to-day execrated as one of mankind's worst enemies. The only safe and sensible mode of dealing with theorists who, with the active or inert support of the mass of the people, are trying to introduce new forms of government, is to let them try. That the Bolshevik leaders have such support is, I know, denied; but has sufficient evidence been produced to justify the denial? Do we know what the state of Russia really is? On November 22nd the Stockholm staff correspondent of *The Times* telegraphed :—

"The conviction seems to be gaining ground among the Bolshevists and members of the Soviet Government in Russia that their power is waning, their days numbered, and the hour of retribution at hand."

Two days before this Reuter's correspondent at Stockholm had reported :—

"Passengers who have arrived here from Petrograd by the steamer *Lulea* report that the power of the Bolshevists is still strong, and that, as one of them said, 'There is nothing in Russia that can crush Bolshevism but victory, and that will not be easy.'"

To decide between these opposite views was difficult, but worse was to come. Four days later, on November 26th, the special correspondent of *The Times* in Stockholm flatly contradicted the staff correspondent of that newspaper. He telegraphed :—

"There is no possible doubt that the power, moral and material, of the Bolshevists is growing week by week, and will continue to grow until it is smashed by some outside force capable, not only of seizing Petrograd and Moscow, but of occupying every important town in the country for some considerable period."

There we have the object of the interventionists plainly set forth. Admiral Kemp has avowed it no less openly in *The Times*. We are told to hold Russia by force against the will of the people. We are to overthrow a Government which, however absurd and tyrannical it may appear to us, is accepted by the country, and we are to set up in its place—what? Nobody knows.

A British official who was sent to Russia in the early part of 1918, and who returned in November, is known to have stated that the Bolshevists are giving Russia a better administration than it had under the Tsardom—in fact, the *best administration* it has ever had. *No report* from this official has been *published*. His estimate has, however, been publicly confirmed by a French officer who arrived in Stockholm towards the end of November, and was interviewed by Reuter's correspondent there on November 25. This officer said :—

"The Bolshevists' position is strong. Trotsky is a good organiser. The peasants are passive, and are not expected to offer serious opposition to Bolshevism, unless attacked. Personal safety has now been attained, and it must be recognised that the present Government has established order."

A year ago I stated in *The Daily Mail* that under the Bolshevists the food supply was better arranged and that life and property were more secure in the towns than they had been under Kerensky. This statement has not been challenged, except by those who account the executions of persons suspected of disaffection towards the Bolshevist Government as evidence of disorder. Many say in England and in France: "But how could any sensible person be well affected towards such a Government?" That is an attitude of mind which aptly illustrates the meaning attached by Continental Socialists to the term *bourgeois*. In the first place, we do not clearly know what kind of a Government the Bolshevists have set up, or what their objects are. Of first-hand "news" from Russia there is scarcely any. What passes for news is gossip, much of it *invented* in order to stir up ill-feeling; almost all of it envenomed by prejudice. Neither in this country nor in the United States are there means of learning the truth about Russia. I take the following from a recent issue of the *New Republic* (New York) :—

"What is the source of the lies about Russia which are being so systematically disseminated in this country? A couple of weeks ago the statement was published on the front pages of the eastern newspapers that on November 10th the Bolsheviki were to indulge in a general massacre of all their class opponents. But what actually happened on or about that day?

The following dispatch published in the *New York World* may give some idea:—'The Soviet Council in Petrograd has adopted a resolution giving amnesty to all arrested hostages and persons alleged to be involved in plots against the Soviets, except those whose detention is deemed necessary as a guaranty for the security of the Bolsheviki who have fallen into enemy hands.' Instead of a St. Bartholomew, a feast of reconciliation. The lie is published in the most conspicuous part of all the newspapers in the country. The truth is published in an inconspicuous part of one newspaper, whose contemporaries carefully abstain from copying. Is the case against the Bolsheviki so weak that it has to be sustained by lies?"

In that last sentence some of the truth, at any rate, seems to be contained. Lies do appear to be necessary. Foolish persons in Government employ repeat incessantly that the Bolshevist leaders (men of high education themselves) aim at "exterminating the educated" and at destroying trade. Yet officials in this country, at the Foreign Office, at the Board of Trade, know that Trotsky appealed to the educated class in Russia to assist in building up a new system, and that many responded, including Maxim Gorki, Russia's foremost man of letters. They know that the Bolshevists, far from desiring to see commercial relations extinguished, are ready to discuss them. But the truth is concealed from the nation. Those who fancy their interests would be served by making war upon Russia, those who are duped easily by such catch-words as "restoring order," the generals and staff-officers who see long periods of safe and lucrative employment stretching before them, the newspaper writers who love to inflate grandiose schemes with the wind of their phrases, have, therefore, had it their own way.

The latest effort to stir up anger against the Soviet Government is the accusation of "Bolshevik Imperialism." As evidence of this we have shaken in our faces the dispatch of Soviet troops to Poland and Lithuania. I admit this had a bad appearance, but it can, I think, be explained. The Letts and Esthonians have been well-disposed to the Soviet authorities, and it has been long understood that, as soon as the Baltic Provinces were relieved of German military occupation, the Soviets would help them to establish a Republic or Republics, which they desire. For whom are we fighting in the Baltic Provinces? For the German Barons?

As to Poland, the Soviet forces appear to me to have been sent there for exactly the same reason as that which *The Times* gives for this country supporting the movement to drive them out. *The Times* says it is necessary to keep the States which border Russia free from aggressive Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks not unnaturally argue the necessity for

keeping them free from aggressive anti-Bolshevism. Poland is not a State yet. The Poles have not even settled among themselves what sort of a State they want their country to be. The Jewish Poles are as much afraid of the Christians as the Christians are said to be of Bolshevist Imperialism. When an independent Poland is created, I see no reason to suppose, from what has happened in like conditions elsewhere, that the Soviet Government will raise any objection. It had actually proposed before it sent troops into these territories, to discuss with the Allies and America this and other questions, including that of compensation to the holders of Russian Loans. The British Government declined the proposal; then the Soviet forces were set in motion, the Soviet authorities seeing that they had to reckon with the settled hostility of France, Britain, and the United States, which, in making war upon them, had already invaded other Russian territories and might probably invade these also.

"Bolshevist Imperialism" is merely another of the sticks which have been thought good enough to be used against a system guilty of no worse horrors than those which stained the Tsardom, but guilty of a crime far more detestable, in the eyes of the Old Gang of statesmen and diplomats, than the bloodiest repression: that is the crime of showing up the Old System of diplomatic intrigue, of endeavouring to make People's Rule a reality, and of refusing to recognise loans made to a monarchy so that it might strengthen itself against the demand for concessions to modern and democratic principles.

I do not defend Bolshevism; I do not like it. But I see a very grave danger in stirring up public opinion against it by abuse and exaggeration with the object of attempting its suppression by military means. What we should do is to bend our thoughts rather to to the economic development of Russia. We have ready to hand an organisation which might be of the greatest value—the Russian Co-operative Societies, with, at the smallest estimate, 12,000,000 members, which means that they supply the needs of 60,000,000 people. Russia is the only vast and increasing market in which we can hope to dispose of manufactured products and so keep off the peril of unemployment. Let us set that before our minds and let us distrust the counsel of those who have in every crisis of history been at fault in their judgment—the politicians and diplomats, worshipping that disastrous deity, the God of Things as They Were.

Whether we may think the Soviet system admirable or damnable does not matter. What does matter is that it shall have room to develop, to prove itself either valuable or futile. It has at least as good a basis in philosophic argument as the old systems, which postulated that the chief power must reside in a small class, separated by manners and mode of life, by education and the habit of command, from the mass of the people. One of Trotsky's speeches at Moscow last summer stated as the opposing proposition: That the chief power should reside in the largest class, the workers, who should employ it in the creation of a new order, in which there should be no exploitation of one class by another, and in which all means of production, all wealth, should be at the disposal and under the control of the workers. The only objections which can be urged against this are:—

1. The objection of the small class at present clinging to power.
2. The objection of those who roundly declare anything untried to be "impossible."

Ideally, it comes as near to justice as any system can; even upon the principles professed by those who oppose. They admit that the majority have the right to rule. The Soviet theory merely aims at transforming what has hitherto been an abstract and illusory privilege into a working reality.

So far the results of democratic forms have not fulfilled our hopes. Probably no method of government ever will avoid disappointing its enthusiastic adherents. But that is no reason for abandoning the struggle towards improvement. The conspiracy of the monarchical powers against People's Rule after the Napoleonic wars only prolonged the struggles of nineteenth-century reformers, causing bloodshed and misery untold; it could not check or alter the democratic tendency. Nor will conspiring among the oligarchies of to-day serve to do more than delay and complicate and stain with blood the further developments of this tendency—developments which have come into sight since the world-war shook the foundations of every system, flashing vivid light upon their flaws and perilous rottenness. It is for the peoples of France, England, and America to say whether they will permit such conspiracy. It is for them to give the word either for a useless attempt to prop up outworn oligarchy or for the free, unhindered growth of People's Rule.

Indemnities and Bolshevism

By Malcolm Lyon

WHEN the Prime Minister at Bristol talked about a £23,000,000,000 indemnity, and Germany being compelled to pay to the uttermost limit of her capacity, his unbridled irresponsibility contributed towards the spread of Bolshevism which can only be defeated by intelligence and responsibility. If we do not lose our heads it is within the power of civilisation to help Russia out of her economic bog, even as the League of Nations may be expected to help Ireland out of her political bog; but if the first statesman of England talks incredible nonsense upon the question of indemnities, which is *governed by economics*, we shall be deemed incompetent to handle so difficult a problem such as Russia to-day presents.

That Germany *ought* to pay twenty-three thousand millions, or even a far greater sum, is not in dispute. That is not the issue. The question is: What is the extreme amount that Germany *can* pay?

There is such universal ignorance surrounding the problem of transfer of value from one country to another that one is prepared to wager a considerable sum that more than half the members of the present House of Commons on an examination paper strictly confined to the question of transfer of value would fail ignominiously. Were it otherwise, they would not be members of a Coalition Party pledged to make Germany pay for the cost of the war.

Did Mr. Lloyd George explain to his audience at Bristol that if a gold mine of fabulous wealth were discovered to-morrow in Germany and in three months' time Germany offered to pay in gold the full amount we claim, that this German gold would be *as useless* to us as Bolshevism is to Russia?

Upon the indemnity question, as we have seen, the Coalition dope-phrase took this form: "Germany shall pay to the uttermost limit of her capacity." This sentence has a satisfying, all-comprehensive sound about it, and the electors marched out and voted for it. How many people realise that the problem of the indemnity payment is *the power of England to pay?* I pity any

unfortunate Parliamentary candidate who made the effort to explain this to his audience! He would have been howled down; called a pro-German. The meeting would have ended in tumult and three cheers for Lloyd George. In effect, three cheers for unrelieved nonsense.

The more civilised a people, the more it must suffer in war. The less can it receive.

The Germans are brutes, and, had they won the war, they would have behaved as brutes, and they would have attempted the indemnity somehow. But we are civilised and not brutes, we suffer accordingly.

For the immediate argument, we will put England's share of the indemnity at eight thousand millions (Mr. Bottomley said ten thousand millions and he was elected to get it), and we will consider the transfer of this value. The transfer must reduce our National Debt; otherwise, it is not effective for its purpose. Now, there are only three methods or agencies possible which can be used to effect a transfer of value from one country to another:

(1) Gold and interest or dividend—yielding investments based upon securities existing outside the transferring country.
(2) Services.
(3) Commodities.

Our share of the gold from Germany could not exceed forty millions sterling because it does not exist. And, for obvious reasons, if the chief function of gold is to form a basis for world currency and a large part of Europe is compelled to discontinue its employment for that purpose, gold will decline in value. Sixty per cent. of the world's production of gold is obtained from the British Empire. From this point of view alone it is to our interest that gold shall not cease to be used as a basis for national currency. In fact, British gold mining interests have recently appealed to the British Government for assistance because of the falling purchasing power of the gold they produce. Therefore, on balance, our imperial interests may benefit if we assist Germany to retain sufficient gold for the necessities of her monetary system.

German foreign investments in neutral countries have already been hypothecated to a large amount against advances received, and as regards the remainder the National Governments concerned are bringing heavy claims against Germany

for compensation in respect of U-boat losses, and their rights, whatever they may be, will certainly be exercised before we can commence to help ourselves; thus, our chances in this respect are extremely poor.

In practice, therefore, it will be found that in the present case of Germany virtually the whole of the indemnity must be transferred in the form of services and commodities.

What are the services that Germans can render to us in England if they are not allowed to live here? Clearly none. What services can Germans living in Germany render to England? Sea-transport, banking, and insurance are the chief economic services that one country can perform for another. With her mercantile marine rightly taken from her and her banking and insurance companies banished from our midst, *Germany cannot render us any services.* Therefore, for all practical purposes, we are left with German commodities—*i.e.*, raw materials, semi-raw materials, and manufactured articles—as the agency which must be employed in the transfer of the value.

Now, these indemnity commodities which the British Government will receive must be sold—not given away—otherwise the National Debt will not be reduced. In other words, the British Government must find buyers.

Most unfortunately—it is not the fault of the Prime Minister, but it is his fault that he did not explain these matters—Germany possesses no natural resources, excepting potash, timber (developed by afforestation), and beet sugar (grown under the heat of a Continental sun: per contra, our insular climate is against us), which are not obtainable in England. Silver, copper, cotton, wool, hides, oil, etc.; semi-tropical and tropical products cannot come from Germany. Herein is our supreme difficulty.

If Germany could send, for example, a large quantity of cotton annually, the British Government could find buyers without disturbing British trade. But even the Coalition cannot grow cotton in Germany.

Coal offers considerable opportunities in the immediate present, because, owing to the disturbed state of the trade, the demand far exceeds the available supply. But coal is the only natural resource (excepting china-clay, which is of small value) that we can export; and, in order to stabilise our exchange, the export of coal must be pressed to the extreme limit. It would, therefore, appear that any annual transfer of value in excess of something in the neighbourhood of

thirty-five to fifty millions sterling *must be effected in manufactured articles.*

In the sale of these manufactured articles the British Government will find itself in fierce competition with British and American manufacturers. That is to say, the Tariff Reformers—the ultra-patriotic wing of the Coalition—will be fighting not against *Free Trade* but *slave trade;* against the products of German war-convict labour. And this at a time when super-production here—which involves *increased selling*—is to help towards the payment for half a million new cottages!

Again, taking the cost of the war to us at eight thousand millions, the annual interest upon this amount at 5 per cent. is four hundred millions sterling. Unless, therefore, we receive from Germany more than four hundred millions sterling per annum, there will be no progress made in the payment of the cost of the war by Germany.

Only an amount received from Germany in excess of four hundred millions can operate in reduction of our war debt.

If the transfer of value is at the rate of six hundred millions per annum, Germany, given the time—say, thirty years—can repay us the cost of the war. Clearly, the Coalition does not expect a payment of four hundred millions per annum in perpetuity. It expects the cost of the war to be paid within a measurable period of time—say, fifty years. And, therefore, the Coalition expects an annual payment of five hundred millions as a *minimum.*

Now, the combined wisdom of the Peace Conference cannot perform miracles, and before the month of February is out England will learn that a transfer of value, even to the amount of one hundred millions per annum—an amount exceeding the total value of our imports from Germany before the war—will present overwhelming difficulties, and that the amount actually transferable cannot much exceed seventy millions, if it can reach that figure. A transfer of value to this amount presupposes a Government in Germany so perfectly organised as to be able to arrange for the necessary production of commodities and their surrender without payment, always bearing in mind that the total responsibility of the German Government in this respect will be three times the amount actually to be dealt with for the account of England. Some experts have contended that this procedure would prove impossible, and that we should be prepared to pay anyhow to the extent of the wages due to German labour in the produc-

tion of the coal, timber, potash, or beet sugar to be received. But in the case of coal and beet sugar, wages represent a large part of the cost, and under such a system the volume of commodities transferred must be greatly increased, and we are at once confronted with the insuperable difficulty which the British Government will experience in the *realisation* of the commodities—in their actual *sale*.

If the German Government can arrange it, a transfer of value in the form, for example, of beet sugar is conceivable to the value of, say, twenty millions sterling. But if we pay the German Government the cost of labour engaged in the production of the sugar the indemnity transfer of value will be less than ten millions sterling, and at that figure the British Government may have reached the limit of its power of *sale*. Indeed, with this method in operation, anyone not taking three lumps of sugar in their tea would be dubbed a pro-German and indemnity-defeatist.

From some quarters the proposal comes that neutral countries shall be asked to act as "exchange points." As an illustration, German sugar is to be sent to Sweden and Swedish wood-pulp and Swedish matches to us? Will neutral countries act for us in this obliging way? For political reasons are they not likely to remain neutral? Have they not large claims of their own to prefer against Germany? In any case, recognising our difficulty, would not the neutral country seek to gain a considerable benefit out of the transaction, and thus reduce the value of the transfer?

As a general conclusion, it is conceded that there can be a transfer of value of a very limited nature in certain raw or semi-raw materials, provided the organisation of the German Government is sufficiently efficient, and it is suggested that the balance due must be transferred in manufactured articles.

What kind of manœuvring ground—how much scope will there be—for Coalition talent when we come to manufactured articles? Let us consider our own position.

The export of coal and manufactured articles, *plus* the value of the services we can render to people outside the United Kingdom—*i.e.*, sea-transport (for the time being under a cloud), banking and insurance—the sum of these activities must largely help towards our social improvements—cottages, higher wages (if we are not careful, this will degenerate into a mere game in numbers, with the purchasing power remaining constant), shorter hours, improved communications, etc. For it cannot be disputed that the dominant

feature of the economic position of the United Kingdom is, apart from coal, the *absence of our natural resources*.

Agriculture, with its two poor years in five, caused by climatic conditions beyond the control of the Coalition, is an impossible basis for our population of forty-eight millions. The economic activities based upon British natural resources could not support a population exceeding twenty-five millions. Twenty millions of our population are dependent upon our external trading relations. Therefore it is evident that the sale of German indemnity manufactured articles must not only lead to violent competition with British manufacturers, but also gravely prejudice a vital national economic interest.

Further, the German Government, when manufacturing articles for indemnity payment, will find itself compelled in many cases to import the raw materials and to pay for them. Unless we, in our turn, paid Germany the cost of the raw material, Germany could not, under any conceivable circumstances, effect these necessary importations. And it follows that if Germany sent manufactured articles against payment of the bare cost of the material, *plus* the cost of labour (fixed at a low rate), the indemnity transfer value to us would certainly not exceed 20 per cent. of the total selling value, and, therefore, for example, manufactured articles to the value of one hundred millions sterling would only cause a transfer of value of twenty millions sterling.

A distinction is to be drawn between the payment to England of an indemnity and the restoration of Belgium and Northern France. In the latter countries, Germany has produced a phenomenal situation which, to some extent, can be met by extra-economic methods. So far as they are still available, Germany can restore the stolen commodities, and she can replace with her own machinery and plant the contents of factories and workshops destroyed or dismantled during the war. This point can be pressed hard home. And it will be recognised that the supply of materials for rebuilding towns and villages does not present any difficulty so far as their realisation or sale is concerned. These materials will be used to fill up a war vacuum, to meet a stupendous demand as the sequel to gigantic destruction,

On the other hand, the payment by Germany to France of the cost of the war is surrounded by all those difficulties which relate to a transfer of value as already explained.

How far it will be possible for Germany to supply war

convicts to work towards the restoration of Belgium and Northern France is not at all clear. After peace has been signed Germans will certainly be free to travel to the United States and neutral countries, and it is difficult to see under what principle of selection some Germans will find it possible to travel to New York while others are compelled to give their services as war convicts to Belgium and France.

They certainly *ought* to do this. But can the new democratic world establish a system of war slave labour?

It comes to this. The Coalition is faced with insurmountable difficulties with which they have saddled themselves quite unnecessarily, because the public do not expect impossibilities from any Government. Having lacked the courage to state the true position at the General Election, and having made promises which cannot be performed, the Coalition will find itself overwhelmed by the disappointment and indignation of the whole country as soon as the proceedings at the Peace Conference reveal the actual facts and *uncover the gross and unpardonable deception that has been practised upon the nation.* And now, to add to our troubles, while the immediate necessity is to disentangle ourselves from the hideous muddle which is the unavoidable legacy of four years of war—four years of, perhaps, inevitable Trafalgar Square finance, with its corollary of drapers' and brewers' fortunes and riotous profiteering in paper, ships, and every imaginable industrial activity—Bolshevism is knocking at the door! England is called upon to help Russia at a moment when England herself is largely blind to the perils with which she is confronted, and, therefore, in no mood to face and deal with stern realities.

Bolshevism is bad thinking, and it can only be cured by good thinking. The present condition of affairs in certain parts of Russia is so unutterably sad, so inextricably confused, that one instinctively feels that a little kindly intelligence would go a long way if we could get contact—the impact of mind upon mind. Now, the League of Nations is at last heading in the right direction of a world's Magna Charta. which I advocated in this REVIEW in 1917. The American Secretary of State for War in a recent speech at Buffalo expressly said that the American Government hopes that a world's Magna Charta will emerge from the Peace Conference; also, General Smuts' pamphlet upon a League of Nations is based upon trusteeship and charter. Therefore, we are moving towards political security, which is the neces-

sary foundation of any social structure, however it may be formed.

The world's political charter cannot remove, but it will seek accommodation for prejudices of colour, race, and creed, and no problem will be excluded from tne function of a League of Nations when the League has been formed.

This will represent the greatest political advance that has ever been attempted, and, born out of sacrifice and not compromise, it will endure. Lenin and Trotsky—thinking badly, thinking fanatically, adopting the ruthless methods of the Old Testament, the methods of destruction—seek to alter the structure of world society by eliminating the property-owner or capitalist. They seek to cast out the god Capital: for without capitalists, however small they may be, we cannot have capital. Under the god Capital, as under our own God, so much human tragedy is enacted, so much removable hardship and suffering are borne, that reformers have often felt moved to cast out the god. In Russia, where to a large extent the land was the only property and formed the only capital of the capitalist, the temptation to remove the landowner was irresistible. Thus, in the passing of a single night, the god Capital was cast out and spat upon. The great god, with his impersonal authority that regulates with the minimum of personal friction the manifold activities of man, who can be propitiated to yield great and increasing harvests of social reform and whose power to function would not be lessened even if individual wealth became amenable to legislative limitations, this god was cast out.

Lenin and Trotsky took the place of the impersonal authority of the god Capital, and Lenin and Trotsky sought to regulate the economic activities of the people of Russia by their personal decree. They attempted to do those things which Mr. Smillie and Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Snowden play at here with ecstatic abandonment. Millions of Russians are about to die and many more millions are suffering the agonies of want because Bolshevism is bad thinking. The Russian peasant wishes to exchange a part of his produce for implements and clothes, using money as a medium of exchange. This is no longer possible, for the economic wheel has ceased revolving.

Only the decree of the Russian Government backed by Russian bayonets can now compel the interchange of commodities. Such is the situation that has now been reached in large parts of Russia. What is to be done?

The *mot d'ordre* is for open diplomacy and public discussion in the political sphere. A public discussion of national economics by the greatest authorities we possess is still more urgent. *The breakdown of the economic system in England is near at hand.* Take the case of the coal miners. They demand a six-hour day, no piece-work, and that the rate of wages to be paid shall be as *decreed* by the miners' organisation. Market movements are ignored; the relation of supply to demand forgotten; and the god Capital is ruled out as beneath notice. It is conceivable that a world organisation such as the League of Nations could issue an edict limiting, upon humanitarian grounds, all work underground to six hours a day. That is accepted. Can this world organisation decree wages and compel services? Mr. Smillie's action invites and depends upon world response. He presents the root issue and provides the debating platform. He points either to the promised land or to the darkness and abyss of unutterable confusion.

Capital, with its economic corollary, competition, does manage to revolve the economic wheel somehow—however badly. The point is, can Mr. Smillie and the other members of his Forum hope to succeed at all? We have seen that the export of coal will stabilise our exchange. What interest has this for Mr. Smillie if supply and demand exert no influence upon his policy of personal decree? Let us at least understand where we are. You cannot function economically under the god Capital and yet cast out the god whenever you like, as Lord Devonport thought he could with potatoes. You can propitiate the god to yield social reform if you treat him with reverence. Alternatively, you can cast out the god as an unclean and detestable thing. In England we have not very much time to make up our minds which we are going to do. Trotsky teaches men that they are the slaves of Capital. He bids them break their chains and become free men. He says, "Let the people rule." It sounds right. The power passes to the people. And rulers for or of the people duly appear. What happens then? The rulers discover that life is war, that economics mean war, that buyers and sellers spend their lives at war. And so Mr. Trotsky waves his wand of "personal decree" (the market and market price no longer trouble either Trotsky or Smillie), and says, "Let there be peace. Stop thinking; cease fighting. I will decide." And there is peace. The economic wheel revolves no longer. For many it is the peace of death.

Now let us bring our minds back to Mr. Smillie and his gallant coal miners, and it will be seen that by their recent action they have rendered a signal service. They have sounded the alarm. They have awakened us from our Coalition dream of the contented workers of England, sound to the core and so impregnated with British sterling commonsense as to be proof against the fanatical and ignorant vapourings of the Russian Bolsheviki. *The miners think the Bolsheviki are right.*

Now, coal is the breath of life to many of our industries, and the export of coal is of the highest importance to our national finances, owing to our heavy borrowing from the United States during the war. Will the Coalition recognise in this critical situation a golden opportunity for the application of new methods, so that the public may be able to get a real grip of the whole problem?

Will they summon a National Economic Council in order that the root issue raised by the miners may be debated under conditions of the fullest publicity? If Mr. Smillie is indeed leading us all towards the promised land, let us hasten to get there.

The discussion at this Council can proceed upon non-political and purely economic grounds; and the points raised and arguments adduced by those who take the view that Capital provides a mechanism for economic activities which we can only discard at the price of disaster and confusion can be replied to after careful thought by those who think that *State decrees* can not only replace that mechanism but add thereby to the sum of human happiness.

To recapitulate, we have got to stop talking nonsense about indemnities. We have got to stop talking nonsense about nationalisation of this and that industry. We have, as practical people, to come down to the roots of economics and to *economic mechanism*, which, needless to say, are problems for the experts and not merely politicians, or, in any case, matters for open and public debate between the interests concerned.

The sooner that public discussion is started, the better it will be for England.

A New Order?

By Austin Harrison

Though the delays have been ominous and even criminal, and the swarms of diplomatists, officials, secretaries, detectives, hangers-on, and pundits have far exceeded the regal paraphernalia of the worst days of secret diplomacy, the great Congress which is to give to the world a new order or fail dismally, has opened auspiciously, and there is real reason for hope. President Wilson's consultative passage among the Peoples vitally concerned proved a veritable triumph of democratic instinct, and met with a spontaneous response. The image of a cloistered professor speaking by the copy-book has vanished. European democracies have seen a man and sensed a reality. No longer is it the correct thing to jeer at the League of Nations. The phrase has grown into an idea; men talk about it eagerly, intelligently. It moves. The intelligence of the world is literally focused on the friction of mind at Versailles; on the representatives of the nations who, for the first time in history, are called upon to think and build, not as masters, but as the "servants" of an articulate and a collective democracy. We now know that President Wilson has not come to Europe to decree, but to induce. The Fourteen Points are not to be regarded as a Mosaic Law; they represent the bases of discussion. America has clearly no desire to dominate; her aim is harmony. The new morality, if such there is to be, is not to be enforced; it is to evolve co-operatively. The sanction of the New World is not to over-ride the sanction of the Old World; quintessentially it is to support it, to help make it cosmic in its responsibility and to define its application. Above all, the Congress is not to be feudal or diplomatic; its purpose is to be democratic, that is to say, its function and derivative powers are to be universal.

All this is new and so healthy. Instead of personality, principle will be the dominant and the root of debate. The idea of the League will take precedence of the problems which thus will have to be discussed contingently, not as isolated questions of interest or policy. And, instead of the

old method and attitude of rival antagonisms, the new method will be one of continuous consideration, with a view rather to the whole than to its parts. In a word, in place of the Bismarckian spirit of "healthy selfishness," the spirit will take the form of healthy co-operativeness, upon which principle alone the League of Nations can be constructed with any hope of permanency or in any way differing from a mere pinnacle of power such as the old Holy Alliance.

I do not believe that there is any cause for mistrust of the clause which so vitally concerns us, known as the Freedom of the Seas. Here America has no intention to dictate or to force an issue. The question is primarily one of world-security, and so of world-governing principles, and as we are actually in control on this question and America is not nationally interested in controverting or grudging us that control, the problem is *not that of power*, but the responsibility of that power in the new conditions of a co-operative order in which application must obviously rest upon a basis of common sanction. That is the point. If our interest is security the new order must be guaranteed a similar security. Who actually carries out this governing or police work is immaterial to the principle. It is the principle which matters On this point, as between America and ourselves, there would seem no just ground for apprehension.

Let those who doubt consider the stupendous new fact, the outstanding issue of the war—the reunion of the British and American Peoples. If the war produces nothing beyond that consummation it will have been worth while, and mankind will be the richer for it. No sane man can dispute this. The long historic tension between the English-speaking races—a tension which tended over Ireland and our sleepy insularity to grow before 1914, and upon which the Germans based their entire philosophy of force and bid for European dominion—has come to an end in the brotherhood of arms, through the inspiration of a common humanity. Henceforth we and the Americans are one in sense and spirit of civilisation. We are friends, brother-soldiers, speaking the same tongue, breathing the same life, meaning the same things. Can any man believe that this great reunion will again be jeopardised, will again be suffered by the two democracies to lapse into discord? The thought perishes naturally. It is unthinkable. What, then, is there to fear from America? There is, and can be, nothing. Our joint historical course is prescribed in a now public responsibility. A common voice proclaims this

harmony of design and manifestation. Our roots have come back to us. In the friendship of America, Britain with her Empire receives her historical justification.

We go, then, to the Congress morally and politically in unison, one may truly say, with the cultural purpose of America, and what our twin civilisation stands for must influence the world. Our position, therefore, is of an absolute cosmic significance. We cannot decide to adhere rigidly to the old order, to feudal conceptions of the rights of nationhood, to conditions which are recognised as anachronistic. And the fact is the key of the Congress. For we are to-day the supreme power in Europe. Our attitude, thus, will be decisive. But that attitude is conditioned, because sanctioned, by the New World which took up arms to redress the balance, not of power, but of life. Upon us must depend the responsibility of achievement, because we alone are in the position to remove the old European order and breathe into it the life of opportunity. And any other policy would be self-destructive. It would be tantamount to the refusal of our inherent civilisation, to the negation of our Anglo-Saxon victory. We hold, therefore, the balance. We lose all if we do not hold it. It is our destiny. Deliberately to run counter to it would spell not only disaster to ourselves, but to Anglo-American reason.

The real difficulties, even in so momentous a revolution as that implied in a League of Nations or co-operative order, are, therefore, more of attitude than of principle, seeing that the foundations of the principle exist in the controlling partnership of the two Powers who have won the war. All will depend upon that joint adherence to principle. The conditions are peculiarly favourable. It may justly be said that the sanction for change is in advance of the conditions. The world is ready for a great new principle of relationship, of which President Wilson represents, as it were, the world's expectation. Unlike all former Congresses of Peace, the one at Paris will find itself in the propulsive grip of opinion, of forces resident in the Peoples. It will not, and cannot, degenerate into a secret conclave of interest, bargain, and intrigue. For outside the democracies are thinking aloud, are vibrant with intention, are consciously the ultimate sanction. What is done at Paris will have to be approved, or there will be no ratification. For the first time Demos will sit in the chair.

The chief business of the Congress will be the acceptance

of the principle of co-operation, and once this is established the difficulties should not prove overwhelming. In itself this denotes the new order. Hitherto nations have thought purely competitively, and so in isolated antagonisms. Never has there been a collective or international reason of State. The idea has been scouted as visionary and jejune, as unpatriotic; but to-day that is no longer the case. Men recognise to-day that strategic peaces lead to war, not to security; that selfish diplomacy is non-constructive; that conscription implies war. Europe, stricken to the ground, can hardly revert to the old militarist order without incurring the risk of almost inevitable destruction. The reign of personal rule, of oligarchic imperialism, has been found out. The alternative is opportunity and the safeguards of opportunity. This implies a new international attitude: the attitude of sacrifice as the earnest of its reality, the attitude of universalism as the pledge of its continuity.

True, the cynic may scoff. He does not believe that nations will change; he does not believe in change. He will say, "How can you be patriotic if you are to be international?" But that is simply because he has not understood the lessons of the war, which, even militarily, are essentially co-operative. Objection of this kind is superficial, because it ignores the alternative and refuses life, the law of which is change. Such an attitude to-day scarcely counts, though it may prove an initial difficulty. On principle it is already discounted. We go, then, to Paris to find the ways and means for the application of the principle of opportunity.

So far as the enemy is concerned, we have the precedent of Waterloo. The peace we made with France was, for that age, curiously constructive; we neither crippled her nor in any way sought to impede her legitimate national development; we simply exorcised the Napoleonic spirit. That will be our concern with the Prussian spirit. We can hardly, after a century of progress, revert to medieval penalisation of the vanquished, nor, in the spirit of the new order, could we justify such procedure. On principle we have to get away from the soldiers' or strategic conception of "security," which provides, of course, no security at all, but only an inducement for more war. Our thought will have to be co-operative. To crush the Germans, to ring them in with so-called "buffer" States, from strategic motives, to stifle their national opportunity, would be merely the old way of "keeping the peace," which assuredly would lead in time to Armageddon the

second. We do not need a League of Nations to make a peace of that nature, nor could any true League of Nations repose upon such a basis. At Paris our function will be the long view—justice; will be the new world view—opportunity; will be the democratic view—sincerity. To treat the Germans in 1919 worse than we treated France in 1815 would be contrary to the spirit of the age, contrary to our own laws of civilisation so signally illustrated in the reversion by Campbell-Bannerman of the Milner imperialist peace made with the Boers; which wise vindication of justice may be said to have saved Europe in this war.

One of the main difficulties will unquestionably be the rebirth of the Nationalities that are to be called into being; their governance, their economic potentiality, their confines, their aims, and their limitations. The danger will lie in the temptation to Balkanise Europe with the multifarious unsatisfied vanities and ambitions inseparable from the re-formation of young nations, some of them apparently to be fashioned out of the dim pages of history. This reconstitution of the map of Europe will assuredly tax the League of Nations severely, both as regards principle and its application. It will be difficult to avoid the strategic thought, certainly historians will differ. To begin with, there will be no common equation among these Peoples of mentality or civilisation. The more the nations of Europe, clearly the greater the problem of their co-operation. The problem will be doubly complicated by clashing issues of creed, race, and economics. The map will not suffice, nor can history determine the new demarcation. If self-determination is to be the principle, we may discover that in various cases it carries with it an economic disability. The re-mapping of Europe must be an extraordinarily difficult and dangerous task—only, indeed, conceivable on the co-operative basis of the League of Nations, only relatively justifiable as an experiment in conditions which ensure the application of an accepted governing principle.

It will be the same with the annexationist claims of imperialism. The euphemism disannexation will hop plausibly on the table; Victory will tender its privileges; the soldier will demand his pound of flesh; and the capitalist will demand his "returns." There will be passion to counter, hate to reason with, vindictiveness to overcome, cupidity to restrain, fear—the fear of the men, particularly the old men, of the old order—to correct. Only principle can aspire to

meet such conflicting forces, to prevail over them, to compose and induce them to harmony. Yet principle is the new voice in the Congress which differentiates it from all others in history. Rightly, it will be placed first upon the table, thereby associating all calculations and decisions with the new thought. Like the inkpot, it will be there before each member; in time it will become the inkpot into which all pens will be dipped. Of decree there will be none. Insensibly the new thing will be present, checking, correcting, inspiring, (may we hope?) governing. Thus the Congress will become a "demonstration" controlled by the outside will of the Peoples.

This is the central fact at Paris, which politicians will ignore at their peril. There can be no Talleyrand cynicism, no Bismarckian egotism, no secret treaty Cæsarism; politicians will find themselves acquiring the Wilson spirit—that is, they will have to think internationally, constructively, imaginatively. Some of them won't understand at first, some won't want to understand; but that will not matter. Behind them there stands the enlightened thought of the emancipated democracies, and behind that phalanx of order there looms the Moloch of Bolshevism or chaos.

All this makes for progress. The Balance of Power doctrine will, no doubt, die hard, professional historians may seek to uphold it, but as a doctrine it is doomed because there no longer exists a European balance, and such a balance can only be restored with the aid of America, who expressly dissociates herself from the compact. And that is root. Mere power thinking will find itself old-fashioned, for every question will have to be discussed on the principle of the new order, which itself will constitute the power formulated ultimately in the League of Nations, in which, of course, all nations will connect. There can be no question about this universalism of control and benefit. All must be in the League or there will be no League. The thing must be a whole; it cannot be a Frankenstein after the model of the old imperialistic condominiums; and once this basic condition receives acceptance the spirit of the new order will have been born.

Again and again in this REVIEW the nature of this spirit has been expounded; once more it must be insisted that the supreme need is of a Declaration of Rights or charter of international responsibility and principle. For the League, however satisfactory on paper, will be stillborn unless it does

whole work—unless, that is, it sets itself up not only as a supreme authority of power and arbitration, but also has the right to assume responsibility *as a continuous mechanism of adjustment and regulation.* This will be the test of success. Any Peace Conference can settle with a defeated foe, can punish and alter boundaries, can play the soldier-lawyer—with what results we have all learnt to estimate in the death struggle of the last four years. The Paris Conference must achieve far more than that. If its immediate function is the making of peace, its true business is *responsibility.* Here it will have to think in the Napoleonic way, only with a view to peace instead of war, and in this task the logic and intellectual precision of the French should prove invaluable. The danger will be a jerry machine, a Court which has no life because it has no resiliency and no continuity. Now, it is clear that if the League cannot assume responsibility for legitimate cases of national and imperial difficulty—such are the growth of peoples, excess population as exists in Japan, economic disabilities, questions of interdependence such as Ireland, and the whole field of the rights of imperialism, possessive, economic, and tributary (such, again, the control or monopoly of natural resources)—the League will fail as time obliterates the decisions of the hour and with the mutability of things the energies of men and of nations emerge.

Yet the very difficulty of the problem is of good augury, because at once we recognise that the basis and composition of the machinery must necessarily be cosmic, not merely European; must, therefore, span the universe—that or nothing. Either we advance to a truly co-operative condition of international relationship or we return to the old order, in which case statesmanship will have to confess to moral bankruptcy and the world will revert to militarism.

Yet this is precisely what, even with the best intentions, Europe can hardly do—and survive. There is high motive, therefore, to think internationally: the motive of ordinary self-preservation. All the same, only sincerity can carry us beyond the regions of hope; only the conscious intention of the Peoples can compel a common attestation of principle governed by the elasticity of life. Thus, the Congress will have to consider the unsatisfied ambitions of a power such as Japan; to settle on principle how she is to meet the difficulties of excess population, and where an outlet may be found for her other than that obtainable—by the old way of force.

Militarism, after all, is only the instrument of policy, and hitherto only the efficiency of any particular militarism troubled the nations. To make war on efficiency merely would be idle, except as a temporary expedient. Far more is needed. Had the Tsar, for instance, been able to Prussianise his subjects, Armageddon would have been an anti-Russian war, not a German one. The problem is deeper than that of nationality, infinitely more complex than the correction of system, which is only the matter of degree; it pivots on attitude or spirit, which alone, as the genius of man, leads on to progress. And that will be the acid test —*the spirit of sacrifice*. Are the nations ready for the principle of equity in human relationships? Can they win to an equation of law founded on opportunity? In a word, is civilisation prepared to coalesce, *to make war a common responsibility*—that is, *to make peace a common utility?*

At least we are ready to attempt the feat, and with that registration we enter the Paris Conference. I think we shall move to the principle. The problem then will consist in the application, and this will depend upon our machinery. We may not at first be able to obtain the goodwill necessary, the sincerity, and the constructiveness indispensable, for law and authority will not suffice in the absence of parity of sanction and self-sacrifice; and to this equatorial line of agreement it may be difficult to attain.

That is why power in the new order must be a world responsibility not an isolated privilege. We had something of the kind in the white man's punitive expedition against the "Boxers" of China. There seems no reason why the common interest underlying that force should not become universal. Provided the interest of control reposed upon just principles, controlled by the fluctuations of common sanction. After all, war has only flourished as an idea on account of its *utility*. Deprive war of that utility—of conquest and gain—and war would be recognised as a negation, as actually has been the case in this great upheaval. If, then, the victors at Paris claim the traditional spoils of war, the idea of the utility of war will be perpetuated. The vanquished will merely sigh over defeat. Militarists will have been proved right. War, as a biological necessity, will have forfeited neither its virtue nor its panache. Intellectually, the only fault of the Germans will have been that they were beaten.

And this will be the corner-stone of the new order. We

shall not turn the corner with a soldiers' or strategic peace, we shall crash into the slough of the old or militarist order. The temptation to Ludendorff the Hun, to hamstring him will be strong, yet it must be resisted by Anglo-American vision or we shall never build a Napoleonic high-road to freedom and *correction*, which are the pillars of the new order. The German problem of peace was her geographical peril of war. Our business will be to remove that peril by international control and so to provide her with peace. The war was taken up by us and America for this business of correction. We shall have corrected nothing if Europe sinks back to conscription, or if one half emerges to fatten at the expense of the other. From correction we have to pass to the principle of opportunity or life. The conditions of Peace are thus indissolubly bound up with the principles of the League of Nations, which, in reality, means cosmic responsibility for change and for no change. Peace, then, is the League of Nations, or there will merely result another armed truce. In all territorial readjustments, reclamations, and creations this simple truth will have to be the determining instrument, and without any doubt this ingestion in the European mosaic of nations will prove the most dangerous task before the Congress; because historically, ethnographically, economically, and politically the most fraught with difficulties. On any true basis of nationality and self-determination, Europe might lose its present character altogether. On logic we shall be faced with the eccentricities of German and Low German; even Pan-Germanism. In Poland alone Europe has a full-blooded fighting problem of the Alsace-Lorraine type, and here we shall be delving back far into history with results which would seem incalculable. Three territorial excisions are required for the complete restoration of Catholic Poland. Now, a policy of bolstering-up the small by weakening big nations contains all the elements of first-class trouble, unless we have League of Nations law; and if the policy is merely to militarise Poland in order to constrict Germany, then we need not worry over conscription here: we shall have to have it. To the student of Europe, Polish restoration seems to lay the foundations of a hundred years' ferment, varied only by war. The thing is insensate, *except under the co-operative order*. When we come to the Dalmatian coast, to Southern Europe, with the segregate risorgimentos of Greek, Roumanian, Czech, and Tribal Slavdom, the professor alone can aspire to wisdom, and

perhaps he only—in his library. In this connection *The Morning Post* published the other day a map of National "aspirations"; it looks like a Chinese puzzle. If the Conference proceeds on those lines it will terminate in a Chinese wall.

We shall have to be quick, for the major part of Europe is in chaos, and chaos waits for no man. The need of peace is pressing; there is no excuse for further delay. Peace might have been made already, and would have been but for the elections here and the spectacular circumstance everywhere, for there is no question of enemy objection. We have but to agree and to impose. Why the Blockade has been continued all these weeks remains a mystery. At once it should be removed. And at once a measured joint policy of intelligence should be adopted towards Russia—who at least can claim the distinction of having repudiated all annexations and so morally aligned herself with the new order. At present we have neither policy nor an attitude. The Congress will have to deal with this question, a democratic one. It cannot associate itself with the idea of Monarchical restoration, for the world would shudder. The continuance of military operations in part collusion with the Monarchical aim has become a world question which threatens to assume an international class aspect, and on this point the Congress will have to prove its sincerity or the whole fabric will be imperilled. Failure to gauge the profundities of this problem may easily bring the whole League of Nations to ruin. The requirements are the truth. Till recently we were told that Lenin was a German agent, yet it was Bolshevism which refused Germany corn and supplies, thereby greatly accelerating her *débâcle*. We cannot have it both ways. We cannot blockade Russia on any principle of the right of self-determination. Here light would seem imperative.*

We start then with these assets. The League is recognised as a cultural necessity, which the masses mean to make a reality, and in its presiding genius Europe greets a new order. The work to be done is happily free from sentiment, religious bias or interested motive, and in no wise is there just cause for fear of dictation or imposition. As the foundation we have principle, thus greatly simplifying correction and rectification; as safeguard we have publicity, thereby

* President Wilson's appeal to Russia (January 23rd) should greatly facilitate things, at least stop the expedition urged by the French against their former Allies. Labour will see to that also.

eliminating personality or politics. In lieu of a secret Congress with all the power within, the real power lies without. Instead of Fear as the master-mind, compelling a fear or power peace, we are to try confidence. Against the doctrine of balance we have the practical ideal of opportunity offered by the New World. In place of the strategics of isolation we have the dynamics of co-operation. The Conference will not be an arena of diplomatists seeking separate and aggregate advantages, nor is it an assizes of war; first and foremost it is a convention of democracy met together to create a charter of international responsibility—nothing less will serve to ensure its application. In M. Clemenceau and President Wilson the world salutes the base of Republicanism.

Shall we fail, or, rather, can we succeed? The answer is that the result will depend largely upon the "back," as it did during war. Our British representation at the Congress is distressingly disappointing, consisting of rigid Tory politicians, and of one who clearly has become a Tory.* This is all the more unfortunate, as, despite the mandate of a flag election, Britain is admitted to be more truly democratic and progressive than at any period in her history. That is really the energy. In truth the League of Nations will be born outside—in the homes, in the cities, in the armies. Versailles will be the clearing-house; it cannot shrink into a Bastille of war and of the old order. The Press or public forum will make or mar the League. The politicians at Paris will have to be very careful of their reputations.

For us, the issue is of tremendous importance, for the simple reason that failure to obtain a League of Nations peace must carry with it conscription here, and probably within the Empire. A power peace will mean that we shall have to provide the force to uphold it. With equal certainty a policy of strategic control would necessitate conscription. So much is indisputable. Our diplomatic business, then, is to obtain the freedom of statesmanship, to lead, to work hand in hand with America.

The real need is to create from the foundations, not to superimpose from the top, as in the old way. And this will form the chief difficulty of politicians. Yet unless they build in this new way they will not cross the Rubicon of war; they will find themselves fighting over particularist ambitions, over

* Mr. Barnes, now severed from Labour, must, as a Coalitionist, be labelled with the majority.

frontiers and forts, over the imponderabilia of secret diplomacy. The only chance is to proceed on principle. Britain and America control—that is the outstanding power factor in the Congress. We have not to think Europeanly, but cosmically. The twin English-speaking civilisations have to act as the Napoleon of construction in the spirit of their responsibility for winning the war. That means they have to win the peace. They must put down all particularism, cut out root and branch all would-be imperialism of the old order and all reactionary tendencies.

Let us remember—English is the new diplomatic language. We must speak English at Paris. It is the English argument that the world will need, if only because of this brutal, incontestable truth, that England and America literally control the *entire economic* position, and there can be no security, political or economic, without our *twin sanction*. What politicians say will not decide, whatever compact, truce, or settlement they may consider they have arrived at. Economics control. Therefore, financially, America controls. That is our cue and—justice. We have but to hold to it, and whatever the political groupings and eccentricities of the position, they will be fly-blown. Elemental forces control, not man. Men can merely contrive an adjustment. If, then, the men at Paris turn out to be pygmies, the elemental forces at work will remove them. That is the situation. At Paris mankind stands at the points of world regeneration or—world confusion.

The Congress opened with a grave blunder, which can only serve to accentuate the suspicion with which European Labour regards the League of Nations as a central controlling agency.* Publicity should have been the fundamental principle of procedure, and we may be sure that Britain and America were not the nations which demanded secrecy. If, therefore, they ceded to this old-fashioned diplomatic ruse, the reason was, no doubt, politically sound. It was, of course, to save the politicians of other countries from *exposure*, to cover up their insincerities, to let them down easily. The question is: Will this secrecy matter? I am inclined to think not, because the demand for it shows already a change of attitude, proves that politicians realise that they are not convened to scramble for the "fruits," but to apply

* The idea of a League of Control constitutes a grave danger where and when applied to economics. It is to be hoped the President will once more save us from that variety of the Holy Alliance.

themselves to responsible reconstruction. The Press cannot complain.

Their subserviency has been treated accordingly, and they will swallow this insult to their honesty and intelligence without a murmur; they have done so, in fact. Again, that will not matter. The real question is whether secrecy will enable the politicians to revert to the old feudal methods or help them to slough their medieval skins and obtain a new attitude. Rows in the Press would not facilitate this process of crystallisation, and so, no doubt, the French considered that the Turkish bath had better be taken in privacy. For, of course, the Press will know what goes on, will ascertain all the difficulties, will always be able to break down any dangerous political adhesions, for if the politicians are to have secrecy to save them from exposure, exposure will remain the legitimate weapon of democracy, operating in the traditional fashion of the "scoop." All which may be dreadfully silly, yet necessary in the heated atmosphere of the time, and only shows the innate difficulties. The "scoop," then, will remain as the Damocles sword of the Conference.

American and British journalists will certainly understand the use of this weapon, and the fact will bring them down, too, to a sense of the reality and the extraordinary responsibility of the situation. The real work will be done in private conversations. Secrecy will whet the appetite of the public and stimulate world keenness. And that also is useful. It is the beginning that counts. If politicians need a cubicle to change their clothes in, well, the world will judge them all the more critically when somewhat bashfully they appear publicly in the apparel—of spring.

On the whole, I believe that at Paris Europe will somehow step out of the canvas of martial politics into the light and opportunity of the family or responsible order. Otherwise—night, Bolshevism, and deepening chaos.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO. By W. H. HUDSON. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 15*s.* net.

THIS book of reconstruction of early life and its impressions was conceived, the author narrates, on a sick-bed, where, as he lay, the far-off days of his childhood came back to him with poignant intensity. The result is a charming picture of a boy brought up among the pampas of South America, studying animals, revelling in the joys of nature, not learning much from schoolmasters yet absorbing the wild life of that time, partly conscious of and partly mystified by the spirituality of atmosphere that he found there. Clearly Mr. Hudson has sought to be truthful and nowhere is there any attempt at sensation or self-glorification. With a religious sincerity he has recalled the past and so compiled a remarkable book of child life, which to the boy was evidently one continuous romance and revelation. Mr. Hudson writes a noble style, and it is, perhaps, worthy of note that he and R. B. Cunninghame-Graham both drew their inspiration from the Spanish of South America. He is a true hidalgo of letters, and in this tome we understand how he came to know birds and animals so well, whence his animism derived, why he is so unique in his art expression. This is a beautiful work. It is the man.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. By FRANK DANBY. Collins. 6*s.* net.

THIS is a moving book of half-finished studies which show how inadequately "Frank Danby" was appreciated as a literary force in her time. The authoress was known as a woman of many parts. Drawing-rooms knew her; in fiction she made a quite personal mark; she was, as it were, a public woman and she was the mother of Gilbert Frankau, whose Byronic poem of school days astonished us just before the war. But few knew how deeply she thought, that below the glitter of the society woman the true artist lived and worked. As her son writes, few can read the little thing, called "Gerald," and not feel moved to tears. In its way, it is a little gem of real woman's expression—the mother; the theme dominates all these studies. We see in them the confession of a soul, the genuine outpouring of a great heart tempered with the cynicism and wisdom of the world. Here we can understand the difficulties of the woman-writer who is also a mother, yet it is interesting to find that the artist pays homage rather to the home. The book is a document of human nature and of a remarkable personality.

FICTION

THE THREE PENNYS. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.

THIS American novel is based structurally on the three generations idea in one of Arnold Bennett's dramatised books. He opens with the Penny family in the times of the vast virgin forests and the establish-

ment of the Penny forge; then we pass to the iron period, finally to the steel or modern day. In each case the main interest is centred on the woman that Penny is to marry and so we have a triple bill of love, which certainly adds to the excitement. Here is a typical American work. The author has clearly no long generations of English behind him, and at times he seems to get congested. Yet he has resource, breadth, and that rugged strength of writing which, if not classical, conveys in characteristic American manner the intensity, the swiftness, the primitiveness of America and her development. In this sense the book is very interesting, for we have no such grandiose foundations to build novels upon, and to Americans it is history. It is a novel of chronicle, like one of Galdos' works on Spain. Outside of America men will find it difficult to pronounce judgment upon a work so distinctly not European, but it fascinates, and succeeds in creating atmosphere and personality.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

THE MILLENNIUM? By SIR IAN HAMILTON. Arnold. 2*s.* 6*d.*

GENERAL HAMILTON has summarised his thoughts on the new order in a brilliant medley of martialism, spirituality, and common sense. His counsel is: Kill conscription. Yet clearly the soldier cannot get away from his last, for his philosophy seems to end in a vista of nations forbidden to have conscription, but free, if they so please, to fight it out, as if war could be made a game controlled by rules, such as boxing. This surely is not philosophic. Logically, it would reduce war to a controlled duel, which cannot be. You might get a nation who would not become soldiers, another which would be three parts soldiers. No, the League of Nations is not that. Yet, unquestionably, conscription is the root evil to banish, and perhaps Sir Ian wisely sees that, once men got to that point, the rest would be easy. In any case, this is a real contribution to the subject. The thing sparkles with things well said. It is quite a *tour de force* of argument and presentation. Free from cant and officialism, the little work reveals an honest mind grappling with a problem of life which, as a soldier, himself scarred with war, he finds it temperamentally hard to believe in, still less to promote; which, however, as a man, he intellectually cannot ignore or depreciate. Thus, even as the soldier styles his book *The Millennium?* with an interrogation, he recognises the necessity of change; and he hopes.

POETRY

NEW POEMS. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Chatto and Windus. 6*s.* net.

THE war years have been remarkably fruitful in the discovery of unfamiliar fragments from the Great Departed of literature; so much so that it now only remains for the Victory spring to crown the list with some abandoned comedy (using the word, of course, in the sense of unfinished!) of Marlowe, or a scenario from Stratford-on-Avon. At present, however, the latest find remains these poems of R. L. S., which we owe, in their collected form, to the Bibliophile Society of Boston, from whose privately printed edition they are now transferred to the

familiar dark covers of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. One may certainly agree with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in calling the collection "extraordinarily interesting," even though the individual pieces composing it are of very unequal worth, and hardly likely to add much to the fame of their writer. How far, for example, second thoughts can better improvisation is conspicuously shown in this early version of since-famous lines :—

"Bury me low and let me lie
Under the wide and starry sky.
Joying to live, I joyed to die,
Bury me low and let me lie."

Certainly a book that all Stevensonians should read, and for which all collectors of him will find a place upon their shelves; though none but the simple enthusiast for "my idol right or wrong" will pretend that most of its contents could not have been as well written by a feebler hand. A. E.

SOCIAL.

ON SOCIETY. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Macmillan and Co. 12*s*. net.

IN this compendium of Positivist teaching, Mr. Frederic Harrison makes, as it were, a valedictory gesture of faith and principle. Here we find Mr. Frederic Harrison of the 'eighties and 'nineties; the chaplain-philosopher of Newton Hall; the Positivist; the early champion of trade unionism, the stout opponent of imperialism, the Home Ruler, the spiritual "brother" of John Morley, the individualist, the controversialist; the professor intolerant of examinations; the worshipper of Auguste Comte—almost, one might say, the English pioneer of that religion of humanity now engaging the minds of the world in President Wilson's League of Nations. "Live for others" was Comte's creed, and the conception roused Mill's bile. What would Mill say to-day could he talk to Mr. Wilson; what Comte? It was the interpretation of this doctrine which gave Mr. Frederic Harrison his wide range of discussion. In essence a school rather than a sect, Positivism under Mr. Harrison became an intellectual tabernacle of thought and actuality, conspicuously foreign politics. His annual addresses at Newton Hall were for a long time an institution in the national life; they were awaited like a pronouncement by the Prime Minister, and we can re-read the specimens given in this volume to-day with unfeigned delight. Mr. Harrison seems to have become somewhat distant in these years of war. He accepts humanism as a preferable term to Positivism; clearly he recognises that Comte was rather an inspirer than an exact creator. Mr. Harrison offers this book as his testament. It is the record of a splendid life interest, a noble battle for a principle, the expression of a fine, virile intellect. A great public man, Victorian by instinct, a literary-historian, teacher, critic, journalist, lawyer, and professor, Mr. Harrison for decades held a position such as no man can remotely hold to-day, centred in the religion to which he dedicated his life. We read again with affection. We think of the man fighting his many fights for freedom, for others. How he hated Bismarck! How he loved France! How he loathed jingoism! How he seemed to stand always alone, yet always the friend! Well, it is all here, and we wish Mr. Harrison could give it us all over again in the coming years.

WAR

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN. By H. W. NEVINSON. Nisbet. 18*s.* net.

THIS is probably the best work that has appeared on the brilliant but luckless Dardanelles campaign, which to-day is almost forgotten. Yet it was one of the epics of the war and might have ended the war. It failed because its importance and military difficulties were never realised at home, from first to last the whole thing was treated as an adventure. That in the circumstances it must be condemned militarily, admits of no argument. Nor can there be any doubt that if its failure was due to half-hearted inception at the War Office, to unscientific handling, both military and naval, on the part of the Government, and finally to negligence to support the expedition once started—this latter the gravest of all mistakes in war—Mr. Nevinson's account of its origins should be read carefully by all. Admiral Fisher disapproved—he was overruled. Lord Kitchener never liked it—he got dragged into it. It was Mr. Winston Churchill's scheme—he thought the flat trajectory of naval guns could demolish forts. And so on. It is now clear that General Sir Ian Hamilton was not to blame. He had no Staff instructions, and poor Staff help. He was never given the forces indispensable to success. He had to do what he could and certainly did so, the result being one of the greatest fights in the war and one of the saddest.

Mr. Nevinson has certainly written an admirable account, both military and literary. True criticism might easily point out that it is not strictly military enough to be authoritative, and perhaps too technical—the author has caught the soldier's habit of telling a story numerically, the tenth advanced, etc.—to be popular; but the book is not journalism, it is a serious attempt to reconstruct the incidents of the campaign without bias. But there are omissions. Insufficient stress is laid on the failure to cope with the disease which really broke the expedition, and the levity with which the whole scheme was treated by the Government and the War Office at home. The only possible verdict is that if the adventure was worth doing it should have been conceived and carried out on the grand scale, which it never was. It will thus stand in our annals as one of our glorious and incomprehensible disasters, and Sir Ian Hamilton will certainly rank as one of our most unfortunate commanders. He might have won imperishable fame. He was never given the chance.

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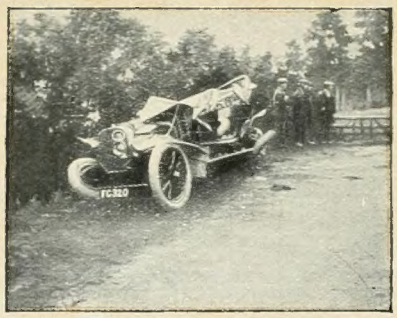

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